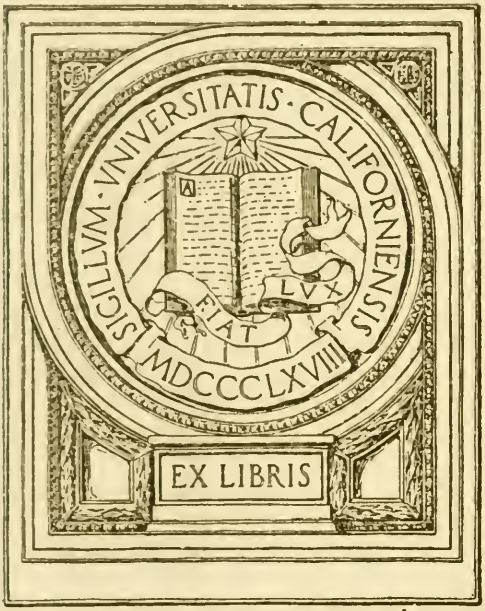
MY RECITATIONS

CORA URQUHART POTTER

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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MY RECITATIONS

BY
CORA URQUHART POTTER

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TO

ROBERT BROWNING.

Among many pleasures and privileges my recitations have brought me, your friendship is the most valued. With grateful recollections of your encouragement of my efforts, I write your name at the head of this little volume.

CORA URQUHART POTTER.

PREFACE

HAVING received many requests for copies of my recitations, it has seemed to me they would be best answered by gathering and publishing them under one cover.

Many of these pieces are old and familiar, while others may be less widely known; but among the number I think will be found some to suit the most varied audiences and tastes. As the result of my own experience, I may add that the pieces telling a story are more effective than abstract and purely sentimental ones.

But the elocutionist must himself feel deeply before he can expect to move others by his recital, and real earnestness and simplicity are levers that stir the feel ings when shallow and trite elocutionary effects fail. Should this little volume, containing, as I believe it does, many of the most admirable poems in our language and some not so easily found, prove a convenience to the growing number interested in recitation, it will need no other excuse.

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My thanks are due the following authors and publishers and others with whom I have not been able to communicate: Will M. Carleton, Charles de Kay, Edgar Fawcett, R. W. Gilder, F. Bret Harte, John Hay, F. W. Loring, Annie Porter, Mrs. Constance Faunt LeRoy Runcie, John G. Saxe, M. E. W. Sherwood, Rosa H. Thorpe, J. G. Whittier, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Constance F. Woolson, D. Appleton & Co., Harper & Brothers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and Lee & Shepard.

CORA URQUHART POTTER.

November 1, 1886

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THE DEVIL IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

His majesty, Satan, one morning awoke
And found that his wife was dead.
He said to himself, "This is really no joke,
My household requires a head;
But where shall I find, on this limited earth,
The woman to fill such a difficult berth?

"For she must be witty and rapid of tongue,
Yet shrewd as the shrewdest of men,
As lovely as Venus, deliciously young,
And careless of profit or gain;
For I would be loved for myself alone,
And not for my dark Satanic throne!

"But far more important than beauty or youth,
Though, of course, I want those as well,
Are the virtues of innocence, candor, and truth;
For though I may reign in Hell,
The woman who holds my wife's position
Must be altogether above suspicion."

So the Devil set off on his anxious quest
For a lady to go below;
But he found that he lost his natural rest,
And his progress was terribly slow;
For the woman he wanted was hard to find,
And the cares of his kingdom weighed on his mind.

The daughters of England were lovely, he saw
A nation of fair-haired queens;
But those rosy lips could lay down the law,
And they lived beyond his means.
So he quietly wandered over to France,
And there the Parisians led him a dance.

He really thought for a time he had found
The actual thing he wanted,
But ere another month came round
The Devil was somewhat daunted.
"These ladies are quite beyond me, that's plain!"
He said to himself as he left for Spain.

But here, though the women were pretty and kind,
He was very much disappointed.
They had eyes, to be sure, but he wanted a mind,
And their hair was too much anointed.
So again his majesty sallied forth
And this time thought he would visit the North.

But why should I tell of his lengthening work,
And of all the countries he tried?
Till he suddenly thought one day of New York,
And instantly thitherward hied;
But quick as he was the women were ready,
Their heads were clear and their hands were steady.

They took one look, and they looked him through,
And they knew what he wanted at once;
And innocence beamed from their orbs of blue,
And candor was queen for the nonce.

O! you should have seen how their eyelids fell,
As they timidly asked for the news from Hell.

The Devil was flattered and flurried and pleased;
  What grace! what refinement! what sense!
How quickly his half-expressed ideas were seized,
  And nothing he said gave offence!
He had never felt so much at home before,
And he liked and admired them more and more.

But time was pressing, he could not wait,
  Though he scarcely knew how to choose;
So he offered his crown and his royal state,
  Himself, and his dead wife's shoes
To a damsel whose candor and virtue intact
Were all that the Devil himself could exact.

She accepted his offer, and did not repent
  As the day of her wedding drew nigh;
For you know that to Hell there's an easy descent,
  And her friends would drop in by and by.
And the Devil declared himself more and more blest,
As the innocent creature he joyfully pressed.

But when she was married and safely installed
  As queen in the regions of shade,
It is said that the Devil was somewhat appalled
  At the bargain he found he had made,
And thought on the whole 'twould have been as well
Had he stayed at home and married in Hell.

ANNIE PORTER.

LORRAINE LORREE.

"ARE you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree?
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulter Lee.
You're booked to ride Vindictive for all the world to see;
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me."

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree:
"I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive with this baby on my knee.
He's killed a boy! he's killed a man! and why must he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulter Lee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands can be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine Lorree,

"That husbands can be cruel I've known for seasons three;
But, oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!"

She mastered young Vindictive, oh! the gallant lass was she,
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook, against a pollard willow-tree:
He killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine Lorree.

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

BETH GELERT.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh! where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race,

So true, so brave,—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord
And sentineled his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare;
And small and scant the booty proved
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips, his fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet:
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed—
And on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied;
He searched—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:

What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub-boy he kissed.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,—
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked,
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
  And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
  Poor Gelert's dying yell!

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
  And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
  The name of "Gelert's Grave."

W. R. SPENCER.

ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

So the dreams depart,
So the fading phantoms flee,
And the sharp reality
Now must act its part.

WESTWOOD: *Beads from a Rosary*

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
Mid the beeches of a meadow,
  By a stream-side on the grass;
  And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
  On her shining hair and face.

  She has thrown her bonnet by;
And her feet she has been dipping
  In the shallow water's flow—
  Now she holds them nakedly

In her hands, all sleek and dripping
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses,
Fills the silence like a speech;
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure chooses,
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth . . . "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile;
And to *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind:
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,

When he gazes in my face,
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

"Then, ay, then—he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him,
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say—
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,
I will utter and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong:
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet—
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send
A white rose-bud for a guerdon,—
And the second time a glove:
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon—
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then; and lead me as a lover,
Through the crowds that praise his deeds:
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe—
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the *two.*

Pushing through the elm-tree copse
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops!

Lo! the wild swan had deserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow:
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

JIM BLUDSO.

WALL, no! I can't tell where he lives
Because he don't live, you see:
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the "Prairie Belle"?

He warn't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike.
A careless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never pinked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the "Prairie Belle" took fire,
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip',
And her day came at last—
The "Movastar" was a better boat,
But the "Belle," she wouldn't be passed,
And so came a tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnaces crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Thro' the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And know'd he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,

And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the "Prairie Belle."

He warn't no saint,—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He'd seen his duty a dead sure thing,
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

JOHN HAY.

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
No weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

'Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
  Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
  Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
  Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
  Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
  Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
  Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—
  One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
  Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
  Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—
Whilst wonderment guesses,
  Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed,—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
  Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
  Or the black, flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
  Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
  Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
  The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it,—think of it,
  Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
  Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!
Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
  Decently, kindly
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
  Staring so blindly!—
Dreadfully staring
  Through muddy impurity,

As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THOMAS HOOD

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me!
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the Lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,—
'Twas his own that struck the blow,—
His, who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray,—
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
Altars, augurs circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile,

Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.
They are coming! quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell—
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

GEN. W. H. LYTLE.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars:
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another, not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain,—my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed, and ceased to speak:
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled!
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

THE DIVER.

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling Charybdis* below:
I cast into the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow:
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch,—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

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* One of the two rocks, Scylla and Charybdis, described by Homer as lying near together, between Italy and Sicily; both formidable to ships which had to pass between them. One contained an immense fig-tree under which dwelt Charybdis, who thrice every day swallowed down the waters of the sea, and thrice threw them up again.

And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth, with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires, stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

And at last there lay open the desolate realm!
Through the breakers that whitened the waste of the swell,
Dark—dark yawned a cleft in the midst of the whelm,
The path to the heart of that fathomless hell.
Round and round whirled the waves,—deep and deeper still driven,
Like a gorge through the mountainous main thunder riven.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
And behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark and profound,
But the deep from below murmured hollow and fell!
And the crowd, as it shuddered, lamented aloud,—
"Gallant youth,—noble heart,—fare thee well, fare thee well!"
And still ever deepening that wail as of woe,
More hollow the gulf sent its howl from below.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it, and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king,—
A crown at such hazards were valued too dear.
For never did lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh! many a ship, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave,
Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave.
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;

And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
  And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
  What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
  They battle,—the man's with the element's might.
It is he,—it is he!—in his left hand behold,
As a sign,—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathéd deep, and he breathéd long,
  And he greeted the heavenly light of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
  "He lives,—lo, the ocean has rendered its prey!"
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave.

And he comes with the crowd in their clamor and glee,
  And the goblet his daring has won from the water
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;
  And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,—
And thus spake the diver,—"Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
  The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below nevermore find a voice,—
  Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Nevermore—nevermore may he lift from the mirror,
The veil which is woven with NIGHT and with TERROR!

"Quick brightening like lightning—it tore me along
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent at play
In the rocks of its wilderness caught me—and strong
As the wings of an eagle it whirled me away.
Vain, vain were my struggles,—the circle had won me;
Round and round in its dance the wild element spun me.

"And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer,
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath,—
And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, trembling,—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless obscure!
A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the horror endure!
Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark crawled,—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast;
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms,—
Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish passed;
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark,—the hyena of ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
So far from the earth where man's help there was none!
The one human thing, with the goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneness so ghastly—ALONE!
Fathom-deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the main and the monsters around.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
A hundred-limbed creature caught sight of its prey,
And darted,—O God! from the far-flaming bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save,—King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled—quoth he,
"Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine,
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine,—
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main!"

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion,
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.

If nothing can slack thy wild thirst of desire,
Be your knights not, at least, put to shame by the
squire!"

The king seized the goblet,—he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide;
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listened, there leaped the wild joy,—
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke
in fire—
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed, delighted, the
boy;
The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves!—To the strife with the life and the
death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell;
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell—
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Rearing up to the cliff,—roaring back as before;
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore.

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

AUX ITALIENS.

At Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
Non ti scordar di me?

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave; as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye:
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;

My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad ;—
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had ;
So confident of her charm !

I have no doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass ;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather ;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot) ;
And her warm white neck in its golden chain ;
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again ;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(Oh, the faint sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone in his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over:
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked: she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between:—

From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade
(In short, from the future back to the past),
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then;
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy and young and handsome still;
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say:
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!
And oh, that music! and oh, the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me.

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,—
The ship was still as she might be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock,
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape rock;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven shone so gay,—
All things were joyful on that day:
The sea-birds screamed as they sported round,
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green:
Sir Ralph, the rover, walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,—
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float;
Quoth he, "My men, pull out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go;

Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the priest of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph, the rover, sailed away,—
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They could not see the sun on high;
The wind had blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along;
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
Alas! it is the Inchcape rock!

Sir Ralph, the rover, tore his hair;
He beat himself in wild despair.
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear,—
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The evil spirit was ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LASCA.

I WANT free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The mêlée of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.

And Lasca!
Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or of creeds;
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs;

Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn reboso about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown,—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,

The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

* * * * *

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close oppressed,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

* * * * *

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared.
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one:
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;

And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-by
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast.
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead!

* * * * *

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep,
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyoté trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,

Stately and still like a ship at sea;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

FRANK DESPREZ.

SONG OF THE DYING.*

WE meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout to our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink to our comrades' eyes:
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise:
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah for the next that dies!

---

* Captain Dowling, East India Company's service, was stricken and died of the plague a few hours after writing this piece.

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys:
One cup for the dead already;
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others;
We thought we were wiser then.
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers
Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless are here and the wise:
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
There's many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though your hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
So! stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies:
A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

There's mist on the glass congealing:
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of Death

Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies:
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the Sable Shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the Soul shall sting no more?
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
The World is a world of lies:
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind!
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize:
A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

PLATONIC.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid,
For we were quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid;
Besides, we had our higher loves: fair *science* ruled *my* heart,
And she said *her* young affections were all wound up in *art.*

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friendship cannot live
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something more to give;
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man—
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash,—vows, kisses, tears, and sighs;
High friendship, such as ours, might well such childish arts despise;
We *liked* each other, that was all, quite all there was to say,
So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped
and feared,
With common purpose sought the goal that young
Ambition reared;
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright
days to come;
We were strictly confidential, and we called each other
"chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills,
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she, the ruined
mills
And rustic bridges and the like, that picture-makers
prize
To run in with their water-falls, and groves, and sum-
mer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent ease,
We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the
trees,
And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the
weather,
While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly
out together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale
glance or sigh,
Told aught of warmer sentiments than friendly sym-
pathy—
We talked of love as coolly as we talked of Nebulæ,
And thought no more of being *one* than we did of
being *three*.

* * * * * *

"Well, good-by, chum!" I took her hand, for the
time had come to go,—
My going meant our parting, when to meet, we did
not know;
I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very
heavy heart;
For although we were but *friends*, 'tis hard for honest
friends to part.

"Good-by, old fellow! don't forget your friends
beyond the sea,
And some day, when you've lots of time, drop a line
or two to me."
The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob, just
behind,
Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine,—great liquid
eyes of blue,
Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups
of dew;
One long, long glance, and then I did what I never
did before—
Perhaps the *tears* meant friendship, but I'm sure the
kiss meant more.

WILLIAM B. TERRETT.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked on him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his place,
Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's face.
"By Heaven!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

LEIGH HUNT.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like you have questioned me—
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing:
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day—
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?

A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this,—a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

LENA LATHROP

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

THEY'VE got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'n my voice and vote;
For it was never MY desire,
To praise the Lord by note!

I've been a sister good an' true
For five-an'-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read;
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led!
And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day, the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read—"I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"—
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gonedest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,
An' when I seed them grin
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;

But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contra'wise;
And I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They played a little tune;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pritty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And sister Brown,—I could but look,—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
An' never meant to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time, right through,
An' kep' it, with her head;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh, or cough—
It kep' her head a-bobbin' so
It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs,—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose;
He looked his hymn-book through and through
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise,
But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good and true,
For five-an'-thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
And some day I to church will go
And never more come back.
And when the folks get up to sing—
Whene'er that time shall be—
I do not want no PATENT thing
A squealin' over me!

WILL M. CARLETON.
"Farm Ballads."

KILLED AT THE FORD.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth;
  He, the life and light of us all,
  Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent;
  The cheer of whose laugh and whose pleasant word
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night as we rode along
  Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
  Little thinking of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song:
  "Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
  Came out of a wood, and the voice was still:
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
  And for a moment my blood grew chill.
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
  In a room where some one is lying dead;
  But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire, and the mist, and the rain,

Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart,—blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet was speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat,
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

THE PICKET GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman off in the thicket.
'Tis nothing,—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost,—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack,—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,—
For their mother,—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips,—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ah! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place:
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,—
Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track:
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongrés, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking around
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE FAMINE.

Oh the long and dreary winter!
Oh the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none;
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness.
Perished there from cold and hunger.

Oh the famine and the fever!
Oh the wasting of the famine!
Oh the blasting of the fever!
Oh the wailing of the children!
Oh the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,

And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy;
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the door-way,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness,
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting

With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manitou, the mighty!"
Cried he, with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the loving Laughing Water

Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said, "I see my father
Standing lonely at his door-way,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha.

Calling to him in the darkness,
"HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted.
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him.
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there

Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her.
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine:
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his door-way Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the door-way,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,

Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SONG OF SARATOGA.

"PRAY what do they do at the Springs?"
The question is easy to ask;
But to answer it fully, my dear,
Were rather a serious task.
And yet, in a bantering way,
As the magpie or mocking-bird sings,
I'll venture a bit of a song,
To tell what they do at the Springs.

Imprimis, my darling, they drink
The waters so sparkling and clear;
Though the flavor is none of the best,
And the odor exceedingly queer;
But the fluid is mingled, you know,
With wholesome medicinal things;
So they drink, and they drink, and they drink,—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

Then, with appetites keen as a knife,
They hasten to breakfast, or dine;
The latter precisely at three,
The former from seven till nine.

Ye gods! what a rustle and rush,
When the eloquent dinner-bell rings!
Then they eat, and they eat, and they eat,—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

Now they stroll in the beautiful walks,
Or loll in the shade of the trees;
Where many a whisper is heard
That never is heard by the breeze;
And hands are commingled with hands,
Regardless of conjugal rings:
And they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt,—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

The drawing-rooms now are ablaze,
And music is shrieking away;
Terpsichore governs the hour,
And fashion was never so gay!
An arm round a tapering waist,—
How closely and fondly it clings!
So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz,—
And that's what they do at the Springs!

In short,—as it goes in the world,—
They eat, and they drink, and they sleep;
They talk, and they walk, and they woo;
They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep;
They read, and they ride, and they dance
(With other remarkable things):
They pray, and they play, and they PAY,—
And *that's* what they do at the Springs!

JOHN G. SAXE.

HER LETTER.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soirée* of the year,"—
In the mists of a *gaze de chambery*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork,'

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;

Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;
  Of—the something you said at the gate,—
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
  To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
  To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
  That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
  And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
  The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
  (Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
  I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—
  Whatever's the meaning of that,—
Oh! why did papa strike pay gravel
  In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night,—here's the end of my paper
  Good-night,—if the longitude please,—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
  Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
  And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
  And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

BRET HARTE.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne
was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory
won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing
forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in
my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and then arrive the
worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet, but, awhile, the
draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to ex-
plore.

Well might then have paused the bravest,—for, around
him, angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man
enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the Caliph, "is it,
friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not!—our gallant Moslem no such treacherous
dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water,—this reprieve is thine,—no more!"

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
I have drained: then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the Caliph as by doubtful passions stirred,—
Then exclaimed, "Forever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish,—now I bid thee drink and live!"

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

KENTUCKY BELLE.

SUMMER of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away,—
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay—
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell—
Came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio,—a German he is, you know,
The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row after row.
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing for the hills of the Tennessee.

Oh! for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!

But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky,—
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon:
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn:
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands, out to this river-shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir,—off there's a hill, you see,—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road,—Farmer Rouf's little lad.
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses,—every horse that he can find

Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen."

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone.
Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar.
"Kentuck!" I called,—"Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound,—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground,—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the door way, with baby on my arm.

They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and through day;
Pushing on East to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the West,
And ford the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance.
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sideways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled,—'twas only a boy, you see;
Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir,—a fond mother's only son,—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!

The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South.

Oh! pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do.
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But, when I told the laddie that I too was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth.
"Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he wistful began to say;
Then swayed like a willow-sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought him to;
I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan,—Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping and kept him back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on, came the soldiers,—the Michigan cavalry,—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly.
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways—
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last.
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening,—kept him against his will,—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky,—you'll wonder to hear me tell,—
But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead,—my pretty gentle lass,—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-Grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how,
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying,—I couldn't tell him why,—
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head, stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to
me;
He knew I couldn't help it,—'twas all for the Tennessee.
But, after the war was over, just think what came to
pass,—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old
Blue-Grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky
Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty,
and well;
He cared for her and kept her, nor touched her with
whip or spur.
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,

And, with a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord.'
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. . . .

Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest.
And, lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

"HERVÉ RIEL."

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;

Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick,—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they.
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at fall beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring! Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate;
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?—
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech),
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!"—But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these—
A captain? A lieutenant? A mate,—first, second, third?
No such man of mark and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet—
A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel;
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Gréve, where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the king's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!

"Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor, past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,—
Keel so much as grate the ground,—
Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait!
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
"Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief."
Still the north wind, by God's grace;
See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship with a bound
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock!
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève;
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
Now hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Outburst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for hell!
Let France, let France's king,
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes—
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard;
Praise is deeper than the lips;
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisie Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may,—
Since the others go ashore,—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Herve Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!

ROBERT BROWNING.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend,—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The "Somerset," British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch

On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;

But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town,
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,

And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—
A voice ... the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!

For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B."

SOUTH MOUNTAIN towered on our right,
Far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height
We held their lines at bay.

At last the mutt'ring guns were stilled,
The day died slow and wan.
At last their pipes the gunners filled,
The Sergeant's yarns began.

When,—as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised,—within our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed.
(Of such a little one in heaven
One soldier often dreamed.)

And as we stared, her little hand
Went to her curly head
In grave salute, "And who are you?"
At length the Sergeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled again
She lisped out, "Who is me?
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane,
The Pride of Battery 'B.'

"My home? Why, that was burned away,
And pa and ma are dead,
And so I ride the guns all day
Along with Sergeant Ned,

"And I've a drum that's not a toy,
A cap with feathers, too,
And I march beside the drummer-boy
On Sundays at review;

"But now our bacca's all give out,
The men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross,—why, even Ned
Won't play with me and joke.

"And the big Colonel said to-day—
I hate to hear him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe
Like the Yanks had over there.

"And so I thought, when beat the drum,
And the big guns were still,

I'd creep beneath the tent and come
Out here across the hill,

"And beg, good Mister Yankee men,
You'd give me some Lone Jack.
Please do,—when we get some again
I'll surely bring it back.

"Indeed I will, for Ned,—says he,—
'If I do what I say
I'll be a general yet, maybe,
And ride a prancing bay.'"

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er,
You should have heard her laugh
As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down
A score of grimy men,
Until the Sergeant's husky voice
Said "'Tention, Squad!"—and then

We gave her escort, till good-night
The pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight,
Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her tiny form, nor turned about
A man, nor spoke a word
Till after while a far, hoarse shout,
Upon the wind we heard!

We sent it back,—then cast sad eye
  Upon the scene around.
A baby's hand had touched the tie
  That brothers once had bound.

That's all,—save when the dawn awoke
  Again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
  The screaming missiles fell,

Our Gen'ral often rubbed his glass,
  And marvelled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell
  In the camp of Battery "B!"

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

FOUNDED ON AN OLD FRENCH LEGEND.

THE fettered spirits linger
  In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
  Their last faint earthly stain,
Which life's imperfect sorrow
  Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet, on each feast of Mary
Their sorrow finds release,
For the great Archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respites
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the legend—
When the Archangel came,
And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great Te Deum
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke,
So when St. Michael questioned,
Thus the poor spirit spoke:

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize Our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish
Is more than I can bear;

All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my life away;
Not all love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay;
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him,—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace,—then I know
He would endure with patience,
And strive against his woe."

Thus the Archangel answered:
"Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of Heaven
Will give you full relief;
Yet, if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,

"Then through a special mercy
I offer you this grace:
You may seek him who mourns you
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space.

"But when that time is ended,
Return here, and remain

A thousand years in torment,—
A thousand years in pain;
Thus dearly must you purchase
The comfort he will gain."
* * * *
The lime-trees' shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches
Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
A bridegroom and his bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
No other sound is there
Except their happy voices:
What is that cold, bleak air
That passes through the lime-trees,
And stirs the bridegroom's hair?

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale:
Why does the bridegroom shudder
And turn so deathly pale?
* * * *
Near Purgatory's entrance
The radiant angels wait;
It was the great St. Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

"Pass on," thus spoke the angel:
"Heaven's joy is deep and vast;
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit,
For Heaven is yours at last;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

LOCHINVAR.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,—
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best!
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,—
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long wooed your daughter,—my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up ;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung :
"She is won ! we are gone ! over bank, bush, and scar ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOST AND FOUND.

SOME miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—
(I know not where,—but the facts have fill'd
A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as when pearls are spill'd,
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor;)
—Somewhere, then, where God's light is kill'd,

And men tear in the dark at the earth's heart-core.
These men were at work, when their axes knock'd
A hole in a passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had block'd
This gallery suddenly up, with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is lock'd,

Till these men pick'd it! and 'gan to creep
In, on all-fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof—"Here's a man asleep!"

They all push'd forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp
Fell on the upturn'd face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touch'd that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard clench'd, no shadow of fear,
He sat there taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year;
The spirit had fled, but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old or near!

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimm'd a line.

Who was he, then? No man could say
When the passage had suddenly fallen in—
Its memory, even, was passed away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole,

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
Then up spoke one, "Let us send for Bess,
She is seventy-nine, come Martinmass;

"Older than any one here, I guess!
Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
And remember the chap by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess with her silver hair,
To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around them all gave way,
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp, low cry! . . .
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly toss'd
Her wither'd arms in the summer sky . . .

"O Willie! Willie! my lad! my lost!
The Lord be praised! after sixty years
I see you again! . . . The tears you cost,

"O Willie, darlin', were bitter tears! . . . .
They never looked for ye underground,
They told me a tale to mock my fears!

"They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found
A lass ye loved better nor me, to explain
How ye'd a vanish'd fra sight and sound!

"O darlin', a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then! . . . And now I'm old,
'Seems a'most as if youth were come back again,

"Seeing ye there wi' your locks o' gold,
And limbs as straight as ashen beams, . . .
I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

"Between us! . . . O Willie! how strange it seems
To see ye here as I've seen ye oft, . . .
Auver and auver again in dreams!"

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wails she rock'd herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoff'd.

For surely a sight like this the sun
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face,
The old dead love and the living one!

The dead, with its undimm'd fleshly grace,
At the end of threescore years; the quick,
Pucker'd and wither'd, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty! A wizard's trick
Bringing the youth and the love that were,
Back to the eyes of the old and sick!

Those bodies were just of one age; yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While Life had been fretting itself threadbare!

But the moment was come—(as a moment will
To all who have loved, and have parted here,
And have toil'd alone up the thorny hill;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists in the vale below,
Mere specks their trials and toils appear,

Beside the eternal rest they know!)
Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
The miners that evening dug one grave.

And there, while the summers and winters glide,
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side!

HAMILTON AIDÉ

THE TEAR OF REPENTANCE.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall!
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
One blossom of heaven outblooms them all!"

The glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listened,
A tear within his eyelids glistened.—
"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said, "one hope is thine.
'Tis written in the book of fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

Over the vale of Baalbec winging,
The Peri sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies

That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like wingéd flowers or flying gems:
And near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small temple's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.

Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,—
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce,—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds of gloom and fire,
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening-time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play;
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burnt all night
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
From Syria's thousand minarets!

The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
  Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
  From purity's own cherub mouth;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!

And how felt he, the wretched man
Reclining there,—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife
That marked the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?—
"There was a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child!
When young, and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee; but now—"
He hung his head; each nobler aim
  And hope and feeling which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
  Fresh o'er him, and he wept,—he wept!

And now! behold him kneeling there,
By the child's side in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light—more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star—
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam;
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear,—
Her harbinger of glory near!
"Joy! joy!" she cried; "my task is done,—
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!"

T. MOORE.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wished the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,—
Those flowers made of light!

The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred;
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered.
"Forward, the light brigade!
Take the guns!" Nolan said:
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the light brigade!"
No man was there dismayed—
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,

Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunge in the battery smoke,
With many a desp'rate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the light brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

JAFFAR.

JAFFAR the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
Ordained that no man living, from that day,
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath;

All but the brave Mondeer; he, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried; the man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveliest household fears,
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears,
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"
"Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

LEIGH HUNT.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

No, children, my trips are over,
  The engineer needs rest;
My hand is shaky; I'm feeling
  A tugging pain i' my breast;
But here, as the twilight gathers,
  I'll tell you a tale of the road,
That'll ring in my head forever,
  Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight,
  The night was dropping her shade,
And the "Gladiator" labored,—
  Climbing the top of the grade;

The train was heavily laden,
So I let my engine rest,
Climbing the grading slowly,
Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight,—
Ten minutes behind the time!
Lost in the slackened motion
Of the up grade's heavy climb;
But I knew the miles of the prairie
That stretched a level track,
So I touched the gauge of the boiler,
And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
Thirty an hour, or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
Breathing a fiery glow;
But to me—a-hold of the lever—
It seemed a child alway,
Trustful and always ready
My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine
Holding it steady that night,
And my eye on the track before us,
Ablaze with the Drummond light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
Where a child of three or four,
As the up train passed, oft called me,
A-playing around the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow
Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
The reverse-lever down in dismay,
Groaning to Heaven,—eighty paces
Ahead was the child at its play!

One instant,—one, awful and only,
The world flew round in my brain,
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead
To keep back the terrible pain;
The train I thought flying forever,
With mad, irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying, the night-wind
Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine,—
How I got there I never could tell,—
My feet planted down on the crossbar,
Where the cow-catcher slopes to the rail,
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
And one held out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance, and measured
The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord! it was steady;
I saw the curls of her hair,
And the face that, turning in wonder,
Was lit by the deadly glare.

I know little more,—but I heard it,—
The groan of the anguished wheels,
And remember thinking—the engine
In agony trembles and reels.

One rod! To the day of my dying
I shall think the old engine reared back,
And as it recoiled, with a shudder
I swept my hand over the track;
Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
But I heard the surge of the train,
And the poor old engine creaking,
As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
And she on my bosom a-climbing,
To nestle securely there.
We are not much given to crying,—
We men that run on the road,—
But that night, they said, there were faces,
With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning,
As I neared the cabin again,
My hand on the lever pressed downward
And slackened the speed of the train.
When my engine had blown her a greeting
She always would come to the door;
And her look with a fulness of heaven
Blesses me evermore.

MRS. ROSA H. THORPE.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple- and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Friechie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long betrothed were they:
They two shall wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?'
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast:
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie:
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother!" she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,—
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed.

Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:
He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next of blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WE ARE SEVEN.

———A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said,
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell.
She answered: "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid;
Your limbs they are alive;

If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied:
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply:
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"—
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said: "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we knew by the distant random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,—
But we left him alone in his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE

THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS."

It was the schooner "Hesperus"
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fair flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm;
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;

The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring;
Oh say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns;
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows;
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the mast went by the board;

Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the "Hesperus,"
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief,—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;

I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.—

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

My loved, my honored, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,—
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose.
The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,—
This night his weekly moil is at an end,—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend;
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, todlin, stacher thro'
To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise and glee.

His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,—
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Come hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years,—
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new,
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due:

Their masters' and their mistresses' command
The younkers a' are warned to obey,
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;

An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nay wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben,—
A strappan youth, he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye;
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave,—
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!

I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare,—
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

Is there, in human form that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,—
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board:
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The soup their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cud;
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,
An' aft he's pressed, and aft he ca's it good;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearin' thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame,—
The sweetest far o' Scotia's holy lays;
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise,—
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page:
How Abraham was the friend of God on high
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed
How he, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;

How his first followers and servants sped—
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal king,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,—
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart!
The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way,
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request

That he who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide,—
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,—
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh! may heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,—
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,—
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,—
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
Oh never, ne'er Scotia's realm desert;

But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

CARCASSONNE.

"How old I am! I'm eighty years!
I've worked both hard and long;
Yet patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen,—
It almost seems a wrong.
A dream I had when life was new:
Alas, our dreams! they come not true:
I thought to see fair Carcassonne,—
That lovely city,—Carcassonne!

"One sees it dimly from the height
Beyond the mountains blue,
Fain would I walk five weary leagues,—
I do not mind the road's fatigues,—
Through morn and evening's dew.
But bitter frost would fall at night;
And on the grapes,—that yellow blight
I could not go to Carcassonne,
I never went to Carcassonne.

"They say it is as gay all times
As holidays at home!

The Gentiles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
  Shoots up like those of Rome!
The bishop the procession leads,
The generals curb their prancing steeds.
Alas! I know not Carcassonne—
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

"Our Vicar's right! he preaches loud,
  And bids us to beware;
He says, O guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart
  Against ambition's snare.
Perhaps in autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind;
I then could go to Carcassonne,
I still could go to Carcassonne.

"My God my Father! pardon me
  If this my wish offends!
One sees some hope more high than his,
In age, as in his infancy,
  To which his heart ascends!
My wife, my son have seen Narbonne,
My grandson went to Perpignan,
But I have not seen Carcassonne,
But I have not seen Carcassonne."

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age,
  Half-dreaming in his chair;
I said, "My friend, come go with me
To-morrow, then thine eyes shall see
  Those streets that seem so fair."

That night there came for passing soul
The church-bell's low and solemn toll.
He never saw gay Carcassonne.
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

GUSTAV NADAUD, *translated by* M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

"'OSTLER JOE."

I STOOD at eve, as the sun went down, by a grave where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin, with the light of her wanton eyes;
Who sang the song that the Siren sang on the treacherous Lurley height,
Whose face was as fair as a summer day, and whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day from the garden above her dust—
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood-red rose of lust,
But a pure white blossom of holy love that grew in the one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched and hot.

In the summer, when the meadows were aglow with blue and red,
Joe, the hostler of the "Magpie," and fair Annie Smith were wed.

Plump was Annie, plump and pretty; with cheek as white as snow;
He was anything but handsome, was the "Magpie" hostler, Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie. They'd a cottage and a cow,
And her matronhood sat lightly on the village beauty's brow.
Sped the months and came a baby,—such a blue-eyed baby boy;
Joe was working in the stables when they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses, and he gave them then and there
All a special feed of clover, just in honor of the heir.
It had been his great ambition, and he told the horses so,
That the Fates would send a baby who might bear the name of Joe.

Little Joe, the child, was christened, and, like babies, grew apace,
He'd his mother's eyes of azure, and his father's honest face.
Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and cloudless sky;
Love was lord of that small cottage, and the tempest passed them by.

Passed them by for years, then swiftly burst in fury o'er their home.
Down the lane by Annie's cottage chanced a gentle man to roam;

Thrice he came and saw her sitting by the window
with her child,
And he nodded to the baby, and the baby laughed and
smiled.

So at last it grew to know him,—little Joe was nearly
four;
He would call the "pretty gemlum" as he passed the
open door;
And one day he ran and caught him, and in child's
play pulled him in;
And the baby Joe had prayed for brought about the
mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story that for ages bards
had sung,
'Twas a woman weak and wanton, and a villain's
tempting tongue;
'Twas a picture deftly painted for a silly creature's
eyes,
Of the Babylonian wonders, and the joy that in them
lies.

Annie listened and was tempted,—she was tempted
and she fell,
As the angel fell from heaven to the blackest depths
of hell;
She was promised wealth and splendor, and a life of
guilty sloth,
Yellow gold for child and husband,—and the woman
left them both.

Home one eve came Joe the hostler, with a cheery cry
of "Wife,"
Finding that which blurred forever all the story of his
life.
She had left a silly letter,—through the cruel scrawl he
spelt;
Then he sought his lonely bedroom, joined his horny
hands, and knelt.

'Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her, for she ain't to
blame," he cried;
"For I owt t'a seen her trouble, and 'agone away and
died.
Why, a wench like her,—God bless her! 'twasn't
likely as her'd rest
With that bonnie head forever on a hostler's rugged
breast.

"It was kind o' her to bear me all this long and
happy time;
So, for my sake please to bless her, though you count
her deed a crime;
If so be I don't pray proper, Lord, forgive me; for
you see
I can talk all right to 'osses; but I'm nervous-like with
Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage, from the woman who
had flown;
Joe, the baby, died that winter, and the man was left
alone.

Ne'er a bitter word he uttered, but in silence kissed
the rod,
Saving what he told the horses,—saving what he told
his God.

Far away, in mighty London, rose the woman into fame,
For her beauty won men's homage, and she prospered
in her shame.
Quick from lord to lord she flitted, higher still each
prize she won,
And her rivals paled beside her, as the stars beside the
sun.

Next she trod the stage half naked, and she dragged a
temple down
To the level of a market for the women of the town.
And the kisses she had given to poor hostler Joe for
naught,
With their gold and priceless jewels rich and titled
roués bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps while her star was
at its height,
Then the darkness came on swiftly, and the gloaming
turned to night.
Shattered strength and faded beauty tore the laurels
from her brow;
Of the thousands who had worshipped never one came
near her now.

Broken down in health and fortune, men forgot her
very name,
Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes of
her fame;

And the papers, in their gossips, mentioned how an
actress lay
Sick to death in humble lodgings, growing weaker
every day.

One there was who read the story in a far-off country
place,
And that night the dying woman woke and looked
upon his face.
Once again the strong arms clasped her that had
clasped her years ago,
And the weary head lay pillowed on the breast of
hostler Joe.

All the past had he forgiven, all the sorrow and the
shame;
He had found her sick and lonely, and his wife he now
could claim,
Since the grand folks who had known her, one and all,
had slunk away,
He could clasp his long-lost darling, and no man
would say him nay.

In his arms death found her lying, in his arms her
spirit fled;
And his tears came down in torrents, as he knelt be-
side her dead.
Never once his love had faltered, through her base,
unhallowed life;
And the stone above her ashes bears the honored name
of wife.

That's the blossom I fain would pluck to-day, from the garden above her dust;
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood-red rose of lust;
But a sweet white blossom of holy love, that grew in the one green spot.
In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was parched and hot.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn,—
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,—
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me;
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned,—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs,—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes,—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

Oh my cousin, shallow-hearted! Oh my Amy, mine no more!
Oh the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,—
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me; to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy,—think not they are
glazed with wine.
Go to him; it is thy duty,—kiss him; take his hand
in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is over-
wrought—
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy
lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to under-
stand—
Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee
with my hands.

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's
disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last
embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength
of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living
truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest na-
ture's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead
of the fool!

Well,—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less
unworthy proved,
Would to God,—for I had loved thee more than ever
wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root.

Never! though my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished; sweetly did she speak and move;
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No,—she never loved me truly; love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry;
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest—
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

Oh, the child, too, clothes the father with a dearness not his due;
Half is thine, and half is his,—it will be worthy of the two.

Oh, I see thee, old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart:

"They were dangerous guides the feelings,—she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffered."—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it,—lower yet,—be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors; all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other' heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous mother-age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield—
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men—

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do;

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,—
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be,—

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales,—

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the people plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed, ere my passion, sweeping through me, left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye,—

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint.
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point;

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle horn,—
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn;

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered string?
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's
pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a
shallower brain;

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,
matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto
wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah,
for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining orient, where my life began
to beat!

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father, evil-
starred;
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's
ward.

Or to burst all links of habit,—there to wander far
away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the
day—

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and
happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots
of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,—
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the
trailer from the crag,—

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree,—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,—
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild-goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun,

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage,—what to me were sun or clime?
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time,—

I, that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-age (for mine I knew not), help me as when life begun,—
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun,—

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set;
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath
and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a
thunder-bolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire
or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"HE AND SHE."

"SHE is dead!" they said to him; "come away;
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair,
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, that gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose—

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away!" they said; "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath till they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,—

He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it,—alone again,—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breasts without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See now; I will listen with soul, not ear:
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"Oh, perfect dead! Oh, dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed,—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! Oh, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE EVE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips,—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent.

LORD BYRON.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

NEWS of battle!—news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! who hath brought it?
News of triumph? Who should bring

Tidings from our noble army,
  Greetings from our gallant King?
All last night we watched the beacons
  Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
  Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
  Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights that never beckon
  Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
  All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder,—warder! open quickly;
  Man,—is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened:
  Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
  Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
  Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
  And his cheek is pale and wan:
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
  In his weak and drooping hand—
God! can that be Randolph Murray,
  Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
  "Tell us all; oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
  Randolph Murray, sworn to you?

Where are they, our brothers,—children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal or is it woe?"
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer,—
Only with his armèd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride,—
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
"By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance hath come."
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall,—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
"Your hands are weak with age," he said,
"Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,

And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum,—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roofs should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!"

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corslet
And on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring;
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

And up then rose the Provost,—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.

He ruled our city like a lord
  Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsman's rights
  Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
  March from the Borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,
And all the din that thunders out
  When youth's of victory sure.
But yet a dearer thought had he,—
  For, with a father's pride,
He saw his last remaining son
  Go forth by Randolph's side,
With casque on head and spur on heel,
  All keen to do and dare;
And proudly did that gallant boy
  Dunedin's banner bear.
Oh! woful now was the old man's look,
  And he spake right heavily,—
"Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
  However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
  Death is looking from thy face,
Speak! though it be of overthrow,—
  It cannot be disgrace!"

Right bitter was the agony
  That wrung that soldier proud:
Thrice did he strive to answer,
  And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
  To the old man's shaking hand,

Saying,—"That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land.
Ay! ye may look upon it,—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay! ye may well look upon it,—
There is more than honor there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye,
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy;
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King!"

Woe, and woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
Through the streets the death-word rushes,
Spreading terror, sweeping on,—
"Jesu Christ! our King has fallen—
O Great God, King James is gone!

Holy Mother Mary, shield us,
Thou who erst didst lose thy Son!
O the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
O our King,—the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
O our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again!
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
Ye may look in vain for them!

But within the Council Chamber
All was silent as the grave,
Whilst the tempest of their sorrow
Shook the bosoms of the brave.
Well indeed might they be shaken
With the weight of such a blow:
He was gone,—their prince, their idol,
Whom they loved and worshipped so!
Like a knell of death and judgment
Rung from heaven by angel hand,
Fell the words of desolation
On the elders of the land.
Hoary heads were bowed and trembling,
Withered hands were clasped and wrung;
God had left the old and feeble,
He had ta'en away the young.

Then the Provost he uprose,
And his lip was ashen white;
But a flush was on his brow,
And his eye was full of light.
"Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
Like a soldier stout and true;
Thou hast done a deed of daring
Had been perilled but by few.
For thou hast not shamed to face us,
Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou a knight and captain—
Here, alive within thy mail!
Now, as my God shall judge me,
I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
And died above my son!
Thou need'st not tell it: he is dead.
God help us all this day!
But speak,—how fought the citizens
Within the furious fray?
For by the might of Mary!
'Twere something still to tell
That no Scottish foot went backward
When the Royal Lion fell!"

"No one failed him! He is keeping
Royal state and semblance still;
Knight and noble lie around him,
Cold on Flodden's fatal hill.
Of the brave and gallant-hearted,
Whom you sent with prayers away,

Not a single man departed
From his monarch yesterday.
Had you seen them, O my masters!
When the night began to fall,
And the English spearmen gathered
Round a grim and ghastly wall,
As the wolves in winter circle
Round the leaguer on the heath,
So the greedy foe glared upward,
Panting still for blood and death.
But a rampart rose before them,
Which the boldest dare not scale;
Every stone a Scottish body,
Every step a corpse in mail!
And behind it lay our monarch,
Clenching still his shivered sword;
By his side Montrose and Athole,
At his feet a Southern lord.
All so thick they lay together,
When the stars lit up the sky,
That I knew not who were stricken,
Or who yet remained to die.
Few there were when Surrey halted,
And his wearied host withdrew;
None but dying men around me,
When the English trumpet blew,
Then I stooped, and took the banner,
As you see it, from his breast,
And I closed our hero's eyelids,
And I left him to his rest.
In the mountains growled the thunder,
As I leaped the woful wall,

And the heavy clouds were settling
Over Flodden, like a pall."

So he ended. And the others
Cared not any answer then;
Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow,
Sitting anguish-struck, like men
Who have seen the roaring torrent
Sweep their happy homes away,
And yet linger by the margin,
Staring wildly on the spray.
But, without, the maddening tumult
Waxes ever more and more,
And the crowd of wailing women
Gather round the Council door.
Every dusky spire is ringing
With a dull and hollow knell,
And the Miserere's singing
To the tolling of the bell.
Through the streets the burghers hurry,
Spreading terror as they go;
And the rampart's thronged with watchers
For the coming of the foe.
From each mountain-top a pillar
Streams into the torpid air,
Bearing token from the Border
That the English host is there.
All without is flight and terror,
All within is woe and fear—
God protect thee, Maiden City,
For thy latest hour is near!

No! not yet, thou high Dunedin!
Shall thou totter to thy fall;
Though thy bravest and thy strongest
Are not here to man the wall.
No, not yet! the ancient spirit
Of our fathers hath not gone;
Take it to thee as a buckler
Better far than steel or stone.
Oh, remember those who perished
For thy birthright at the time
When to be a Scot was treason,
And to side with Wallace crime!
Have they not a voice among us,
Whilst their hallowed dust is here?
Hear ye not a summons sounding
From each buried warrior's bier?
Up!—they say—and keep the freedom
Which we won you long ago:
Up! and keep our graves unsullied
From the insults of the foe!
Up! and if ye cannot save them,
Come to us in blood and fire:
Midst the crash of falling turrets
Let the last of Scots expire!

Still the bells are tolling fiercely,
And the cry comes louder in;
Mothers wailing for their children,
Sisters for their slaughtered kin.
All is terror and disorder,
Till the Provost rises up,

Calm, as though he had not tasted
Of the fell and bitter cup.
All so stately from his sorrow,
Rose the old undaunted chief,
That you had not deemed, to see him,
His was more than common grief.
"Rouse ye, sirs!" he said; "we may not
Longer mourn for what is done;
If our King be taken from us,
We are left to guard his son.
We have sworn to keep the city
From the foe, whate'er they be,
And the oath that we have taken
Never shall be broke by me.
Death is nearer to us, brethren,
Than it seemed to those who died,
Fighting yesterday at Flodden,
By their lord and master's side.
Let us meet it then in patience,
Not in terror or in fear;
Though our hearts are bleeding yonder,
Let our souls be steadfast here.
Up, and rouse ye! Time is fleeting,
And we yet have much to do;
Up! and haste ye through the city,
Stir the burghers stout and true,
Gather all our scattered people,
Fling the banner out once more,—
Randolph Murray! do thou bear it,
As it erst was borne before:
Never Scottish heart will leave it,
When they see their monarch's gore

"Let them cease that dismal knelling;
It is time enough to ring,
When the fortress-strength of Scotland
Stoops to ruin like its King.
Let the bells be kept for warning,
Not for terrors or alarm;
When the next is heard to thunder,
Let each man and stripling arm.
Bid the women leave their wailing—
Do they think that woful strain,
From the bloody heaps of Flodden,
Can redeem their dearest slain?
Bid them cease,—or rather hasten
To the churches every one;
There to pray to Mary Mother,
And to her anointed Son,
That the thunder-bolt above us
May not fall in ruin yet;
That in fire and blood and rapine
Scotland's glory may not set.
Let them pray—for never women
Stood in need of such a prayer!—
England's yeomen shall not find them
Clinging to the altars there.
No! if we are doomed to perish,
Man and maiden, let us fall,
And a common gulf of ruin
Open wide to whelm us all!
Never shall the ruthless spoiler
Lay his not, insulting hand
On the sisters of our heroes,
Whilst we bear a torch or brand!

Up! and rouse ye, then, my brothers,
  But when next ye hear the bell
Sounding forth the sullen summons
  That may be our funeral knell,
Once more let us meet together,
  Once more see each other's face;
Then, like men that need not tremble,
  Go to our appointed place.
God, our Father, will not fail us,
  In that last tremendous hour,—
If all other bulwarks crumble,
  He will be our strength and tower:
Though the ramparts rock beneath us,
  And the walls go crashing down,
Though the roar of conflagration
  Bellow o'er the sinking town;
There is yet one place of shelter,
  Where the foemen cannot come,
Where the summons never sounded
  Of the trumpet or the drum.
There again we'll meet our children,
  Who, on Flodden's trampled sod,
For their King and for their country
  Rendered up their souls to God.
There shall we find rest and refuge
  With our dear departed brave,
And the ashes of the city
  Be our universal grave!"

W E. Aytoun.

AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND

I LANG ha'e thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where every nerve is strained.

I'll no say men are villains a';
The real, hardened wicked,
Wha ha'e nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricted:
But och, mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
  Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
  They equally may answer;
A man may ha'e an honest heart,
  Though poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak' a neebor's part,
  Yet nae ha'e cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
  When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel'
  Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
  Fra critical dissection;
But keek through every other man,
  Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
  Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
  Though naething should divulge it:
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
  The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
  And petrifies the feeling!

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile
  Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
  That's justified by honor;

Not for to hide it in a hedge,
  Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
  Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
  To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
  Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause,—
  Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
  Uncaring consequences.

The Great Creator to revere,
  Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
  And e'en the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
  Be complaisance extended;
An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
  For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
  Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gi'e a random sting,
  It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driven,
  A conscience but a canker,—
A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven
  Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser!
And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did th' adviser!

ROBERT BURNS.

AN EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL.*

DEAR Joseph,—five-and-twenty years ago—
Alas, how time escapes!—'tis even so,—
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour,—and now we never meet!
As some grave gentleman in Terence says
('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days),
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings,—
Strange fluctuation of all human things!
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart;
And, were I call'd to prove the assertion true,
One proof should serve,—a reference to you.
Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurr'd to kindle strife,

---

* An early friend of Cowper's, who introduced him to Thurlow. He was made the Chancellor's secretary.

We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though numerous once, reduced to few or none?
Can gold grow worthless that has stood the touch?
No; gold they seem'd, but they were never such.
Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,
Swinging the parlor door upon its hinge,
Dreading a negative, and overawed
Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad.
"Go, fellow! —whither?"—turning short about—
"Nay,—stay at home,—you're always going out."
"'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end."—
"For what?"—"An' please you, sir, to see a friend.
"A friend!" Horatio cried, and seemed to start—
"Yea, marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.
And fetch my cloak; for though the night be raw,
I'll see him too,—the first I ever saw."
I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child;
But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose;
Perhaps, his confidence just then betray'd,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made,
Perhaps 'twas mere good humor gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language in my mind,
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.
But not to moralize too much, and strain
To prove an evil of which all complain
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun);
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done:
Once on a time an emperor, a wise man,
No matter where, in China or Japan,

Decreed that whosoever should offend
Against the well-known duties of a friend,
Convicted once, should ever after wear
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out.
Oh happy Britain! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measures here;
Else, could a law like that which I relate
Once have the sanction of our triple state,
Some few, that I have known in days of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

WILLIAM COWPER.

NATURE'S DAUGHTER.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charméd ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep:
So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

LORD BYRON.

CONVENT SCENE FROM MARMION

YET one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But, at the Prioress' command,
A monk undid the silken band
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread,
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
Whom the church numbered with the dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled.

When thus her face was given to view
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistering fair),
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
* * * * *
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there were seen in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall—
Who enters at such grisly door,
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water, and of bread:
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless;

Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Show'd the grim entrance of the porch:
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
Hewn stones and cement were display'd,
And building tools in order laid.

These executioners were chose,
As men who were with mankind foes.
* * * * *
By strange device were they brought there,
They knew not how, nor knew not where.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,
  To speak the Chapter's doom,
On those the wall was to enclose,
  Alive, within the tomb;
But stopp'd, because that woful maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd.
Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain;
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip;
  'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
  You seem'd to hear a distant rill,—
    'Twas ocean's swells and falls;
  For though this vault of sin and fear
  Was to the sounding surge so near,
  A tempest there you scarce could hear
    So massive were the walls.

At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,

And light came to her eye,
And color dawn'd upon her cheek,
A hectic and a flutter'd streak,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
By Autumn's stormy sky;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gathered strength,
And armed herself to bear.
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair.

"I speak not to implore your grace,
Well know I, for one minute's space
Successless might I sue:
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain,
For if a death of lingering pain,
To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too.—
I listened to a traitor's tale,
I left the convent and the veil;
For three long years I bow'd my pride,
A horse-boy in his train to ride;
And well my folly's meed he gave,
Who forfeited, to be his slave,
All here, and all beyond the grave.—
He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of broad lands the heir,
Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,
And Constance was beloved no more.—
'Tis an old tale, and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,

Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betray'd for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me.

"The King approved his favorite's aim;
In vain a rival barr'd his claim,
Whose fate with Clare's was plight,
For he attaints that rival's fame
With treason's charge,—and on they came,
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are pray'd,
Their lances in the rest are laid,
They meet in mortal shock;
And hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
Shout 'Marmion! Marmion! to the sky,
De Wilton to the block!'
Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide
When in the lists two champions ride,
Say, was Heaven's justice here,
When, loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death,
Beneath a traitor's spear?
How false the charge, how true he fell,
This guilty packet best can tell."—
Then drew a packet from her breast,
Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the rest.—

"Still was false Marmion's bridal staid;
To Whitby's convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.

'Ho! shifts she thus?' King Henry cried;
'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun.'
One way remained,—the King's command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd
For Clara and for me:
This caitiff monk, for gold, did swear,
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
And, by his drugs, my rival fair
A saint in heaven should be.
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice has undone us both.

"And now my tongue the secret tells,
Not that remorse my bosom swells,
But to assure my soul that none
Shall ever wed with Marmion.
Had fortune my last hope betray'd,
This packet, to the King convey'd,
Had given him to the headsman's stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke.—
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,
Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome!
If Marmion's late remorse should wake,
Full soon such vengeance will he take,
That you shall wish the fiery Dane
Has rather been your guest again.

Behind, a darker hour ascends!
The altars quake, the crosier bends,
The ire of a despotic King
Rides forth upon destruction's wing;
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,
Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep;
Some traveller then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones,
And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,
Marvel such relics here should be."

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air:
Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair,
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seem'd to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listen'd for the avenging storm;
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said,
Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:
"Sister, let thy sorrows cease;
Sinful brother, part in peace!"
From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,
Paced forth the judges three;

Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell
The butcher-work that there befell,
When they had glided from the cell
Of sin and misery.

An hundred winding steps convey
That conclave to the upper day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

RATISBON.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused,—"My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound,
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
  And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
  You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
  Scarce any blood came thro')
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
  Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
  We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
  And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
  Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
  Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
  Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
  When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
  Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
  Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

I HAVE not blamed him; I shall not blame;
It is best for him, though bitter for me,
Whose poor heart holds the past the same
As a box of gems with a missing key!

For Philip was born to shine, you know;
I can never help, through my darkest pain,
Being glad he should win the world, and so
Gain early all that he ought to gain.

It used to seem, in the old dead days,
A marvel that he should find one trace
Of charm in a girl with my plain ways,
And timidly unimportant face.

His frame for a sculptor might have served;
His hair, over deep-blue eyes and clear,
Grew high on the temples ere it curved
In rich, crisp gold round the shapely ear.

And I think there are few things like his smile,
Or his laugh's full mellow sweetness, too;
And then, in his own wild self-taught style,
He was clever beyond all men I knew.

And often, indeed, throughout each year,
He would read his poems to me alone,

While I tried to make my whole soul hear,
With his strong man's hand in both my own!

And some I would find most grave and grand,
And some to my eyes the hot tears sent,
And some I would ache to understand,
But not know a word of what they meant!

For Phil was to me like a land that keeps
High cliffs it dazzles the eye to trace,
Though I cared not much for the lofty steeps,
While violets blossomed about their base!

But 'twas pleasure to know him well above
The throng of his fellows, I avow;
For woman's pride is to woman's love
More closely wedded than leaf to bough!

And so when that summer came at last
Which made the old house on the hill look gay,
Its silence being a thing of the past
And its shadowy chambers blest with day,

Why, what seemed likelier to my thought,
If I stayed to think, than that my dear Phil,
For the graceful gifts his presence brought,
Should be welcomed at the house on the hill?

And his welcomers chose, for their fine part,
So to scatter favors about his feet,
That I grew at length to be sure in heart
Of 'ust the nights when we would not meet.

He would tell me of their soft household ease,
And their manners, touched with a fine repose,
And of all they had borne across the seas
From lands of sun and from lands of snows.

And deep was my pleasure to hear him speak
Of how warmly all would greet him there,
From the proud old dame with the faded cheek
To the rosy pet with the reckless hair.

But as summer died amid waning wealth,
A something in Phil seemed also dead,
And now and then I would weep by stealth,
For my soul grew dark with a nameless dread!

He was shadowed with gloomy change and cold,
That made, while it put the past to scorn,
His kiss of now by his kiss of old
Seem a wilted rose by a rose just born!

And the change grew worse; but I played a part,
And gave no sign, in my stubborn pride,
While doubt knocked loud at the door of my heart,
Like a guest that will not be denied!

But at last it was all made plain as day! . . .
Though she who told it me meant the best,
How the gold in the sunny air turned gray,
How the youth died out from my aching breast!

'Twas my old friend. Ellen, who spoke and showed
The truth, one morn, with her true bold tongue,

As we met on the same elm-bordered road
Which had led to school when we both were young

"You have keen eyes, Kate, but you will not see,
Quick ears, yet you strangely fail to hear!
Your Philip is false as a man may be,
For all that you hold his love so dear!

"I will speak the truth, though its shock should kill;
God help me, too, if I go amiss!
They greet him well at the house on the hill,
Yet, ah! . . . there is something more than this!

"There is one who rules him with fatal sway,
Who turns his heart from its loyal place:
A girl with brown hair waving away
From a clear-cut, pale, patrician face.

"The babbled lies of the gossip-cliques
I meet with loathing, I stand above;
But, Kate, what it all has meant for weeks
Heaven only knows if it be not love!

"They were strolling slowly, this very morn,
On the lonely roadside where I came,
And before my kindling look of scorn
He dropt his eyes with a flush of shame.

"Oh, Kate, he is faithless through and through,
'Tis a base, mean game that he plays by stealth;
For he turns like a churl away from you,
To fawn with a smile at the feet of wealth!"

So Ellen spoke; and an eager kiss
Came warm from her lips against my own;
But nothing is quite clear, after this,
Till I stood in my little room alone.

I stood, and all in a moment brief,
With a cry my lips could not control,
Sank quivering to the floor, and grief
Wrung up the sobs from my secret soul.
* * * * *
That night he came, and I met him just
At the old porch-steps, worn wry with years.
The air was keen, but I would not trust
A light on the traces of my tears.

As he took my tremulous hand, I spoke:
"Let us walk for a little while" . . . But here
My voice into wretched tremor broke,
Though I tried so hard to make it clear.

Then he knew that I knew it all at last,
And with bowed head murmured, "As you please;"
And down through the garden-paths we passed,
In silence under the sighing trees.

I remember the night so well, so well! . . .
The foliage moved with a sad unrest,
And a large deep-crimson crescent fell
Through the pale-blue air of the starry West.

And heavy and cold as the hand of doom
Had the Autumn dew-fall come to set

Its chill on the chaste tuberose's bloom
And the low, close copse of the mignonette.

And haunting the dark, and seeming thus
To hold it in sad, mysterious thrall,
The voice of the katydid came to us
In weird, monotonous, plaintive call.

He walked with his head bent, still as stone,
And now, since I saw he would not speak,
I spoke myself, with a quivering tone,
And a great hot tear on either cheek.

"Philip," I said, "'twas a bitter wrong
To have done your soul, that for such as I
You should trifle with sacred truth so long,
And soil white honor, and live a lie!

"Had you frankly warned me when love first died,
While you turned in spirit from her to me,
Can you doubt what my lips had then replied,
Though it dealt me death to set you free?

"Yet I must not chide you for changing, Phil;
I know my worth; can I fail to know
How all along we were mated ill,
You that are lofty, I that am low?

"I shall prize my past, though its light will seem
As the flash of a bird's wing seen afar,
For old love remembers young love's dream
As twilight remembers the morning star!

"All thought should be dear of its lost repose
To the aching frame of the storm-worn ship,
And dear all thought to the thirsty rose
Of the dew once glittering at its lip!

"And to me shall be dear all thought of yore,
As its green to the leaf now gray with frost,
As the crown to the brow it girds no more,
As the sea to the pearl it loved and lost!"

Now I paused, and now for a little space
I watched him tremble and try to speak,
And saw, as the moonlight struck his face,
The white we see on a dead man's cheek.

"Ah, Kate," he murmured, "you cannot guess
How this heart of mine, as it hears you, feels
To its guilty centre the shock and stress
Of the blow your noble pardon deals!

"Having so wronged you, I could but count
That a righteous wrath in your look would shine,
Nor ever dream that your soul would mount
To grasp at a vengeance so divine!

"But, Kate, if shame can the past repair,
From this life you were blameless to despise,
Take all that your just contempt can spare,
And let it serve you until it dies!

'And perhaps your love, with its deeps untold,
Shall have gained the power, I dream not how,

To see the man you knew me of old
In the worthless traitor you know me now!"

As he ceased, I thrilled with a yearning thrill,
But I said, in words that were cold and slow,
"Answer me what I shall ask of you, Phil;
On your honor answer it,—yes or no!

"Which of us two has your heart this night?
Speak truth: is it here or yonder, Phil?
Here, where we stand in the mellow light,
Or yonder,—at the house on the hill?"

I questioned thus, though I did not dare
Look once on his white face, vague to see,
But with dropt eyes felt, as I waited there,
That the world stood still till he answered me!

So, waiting near him, with bended head,
And with palm to palm held firm and tense,
I seemed, while the meagre moments fled,
To be living a lifetime of suspense!

And now, with a stifled sob, I sent
A prayer to the God who makes or mars,
That out from my longing bosom went,
Like a bird let forth from its prison-bars!

I prayed that my new hope might not flit
As a dream back to dreamland, past recall;
And I prayed . . . but alas! what profits it
To remember now that I prayed at all?

My hand on a sudden he caught and pressed,
While he said, in a whisper strange and rough;
"Yes, Kate,—God help me!—I love *her* best.
You ask for truth: I have lied enough."

(So the prayer was vain! So the hope was fled!)
Then I sighed, though he did not hear me sigh,
And I let him keep my hand as I said,
"The truth is better. Good-night, good-by." . . .

It was dark by this, for the moon hung low;
And I heard the katydid's wild, clear cry,
As it rang from meadowy reaches, grow
Like an echoing voice, . . . *Good-night! good-by!*

EDGAR FAWCETT.

ULF IN IRELAND.

"WHAT then, what if my lips do burn,
Husband, husband;
What though thou see'st my red lips burn,
Why look'st thou with a look so stern,
Husband?

"It was the keen wind through the reed,
Husband, husband:
'Twas wind made sharp with sword-edge reed
That made my tender lips to bleed,
Husband."

"And hath the wind a human tooth,
Woman, woman?
Can light wind mark like human tooth
A shameful scar of love uncouth,
Woman?"

"What horror lurks within your eyes,
Husband, husband?
What lurking horror strains your eyes,
What black thoughts from your heart arise,
Husband?"

"Who stood beside you at the gate,
Woman, woman?
Who stood so near you by the gate
No moon your shapes could separate
Woman?"

"So God me save, 'twas I alone,
Husband, husband!
So Christ me save, 'twas I alone
Stood listening to the ocean moan,
Husband!"

"Then hast thou four feet at the least,
Woman, woman!
Thy Christ hath lent thee four at least,
Oh, viler than four-footed beast,
Woman!"

"A heathen witch hath thee unmanned,
Husband, husband!

A foul witchcraft, alas! unmanned:
Thou saw'st some old tracks down the sand,
Husband!"

"Yet were they tracks that went not far,
Woman, woman;
Those ancient foot-marks went not far,
Or else you search the harbor bar,
Woman.

"It is not yours alone that bleed,
Woman, woman;
Smooth lips not yours may also bleed,
Your wound has been avenged with speed,
Woman!"

"What talk you so of bar and wound,
Husband, husband?
What ghastly sign of sudden wound
And kinsman smitten to the ground,
Husband?"

"I saw your blood upon his cheek,
Woman, woman;
The moon had marked his treacherous cheek,
I marked his heart beside the creek,
Woman!"

"What, have you crushed the only flower,
Husband, husband?
Among our weeds the only flower?
Henceforward get you from my bower,
Husband!

"I love you not; I love but him,
Husband, husband;
In all the world I loved but him;
Not hell my love for Brenn shall dim,
Husband!"

He's caught her by her jet-black hair;
Sorrow, sorrow!
He's bent her head back by the hair
Till all her throbbing throat lies bare—
Sorrow!

"You know me fiercer than the wolf,
Woman, woman;
You know I well am named the wolf;
I shall both you and him engulf,
Woman.

"Yet I to you was always kind,
Woman, woman;
To serpents only fools are kind;
Yet still with love of you I'm blind,
Woman.

"I'll look no more upon your face,
Woman, woman;
These eyes shall never read your face,
For you shall die in this small space,
Woman!"

He's laid his mouth below her chin,
Horror!

That throat he kissed below the chin
No breath thereafter entered in:
Horror, horror!
CHARLES DE KAY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

CLEOPATRA.

HERE, Charmian, take my bracelets,
They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows,—
They are hot where I have lain:
Open the lattice wider,
A gauze o'er my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay:
Ah me! the vision has vanished,—
The music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished,—
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves,
  They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
  Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
  A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished
  And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
  Loiters the slow, smooth Nile,
Through slender papyri, that cover
  The wary crocodile.
The lotus lolls on the water,
  And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf-pavement
  Never a ripple is rolled.

The twilight breeze is too lazy
  Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
  As a stone above a grave.

Ah me! this lifeless nature
  Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder,—
  For lightning and wild, fierce rain!
Fling down that lute,—I hate it!
  Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
  Till this sleeping world is stirred

Hark! to my Indian beauty,—
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers,—
That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!

Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There,—leave me, and take from my chamber
That stupid little gazelle,
With its bright black eye so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him,—my nerves he vexes,—
The thing without blood or brain,—
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
Where the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
Their earthy forms expire;

And the bald, blear skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned,
That, burning like molten jewels,
Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footstep near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor,
Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches
And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet

My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms—
How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
With a wild, triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor—
For I was flexile and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight,
While I lay couching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink.

We drank their blood and crushed them
  And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
  Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!
  Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous, bloodless passions
  Its poor and petty strife!
No foolish regrets or longings
  Their shadows across us cast:
We lived our full life in the present,
  Nor whined for the future or past.

Come to my arms, my hero,
  The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
  In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
  Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior storms a fortress!
  I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
  Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
  And love as you loved me then!

W. W. STORY.

THE WIND'S VOICES.

"MAMMA, what makes your face so sad?
The sound of the wind makes me feel glad;
But whenever it blows, as grave you look,
As if you were reading a sorrowful book."

"A sorrowful book I am reading, dear,—
A book of weeping and pain and fear,—
A book deep-printed on my heart,
Which I cannot read but the tears will start.

"That breeze to my ear was soft and mild
Just so, when I was a little child;
But now I hear in its freshening breath
The voices of those that sleep in death."

"Mamma," said the child, with shaded brow,
"What is this book you are reading now?
And why do you read what makes you cry?"
"My child, it comes up before my eye.

"'Tis the memory, love, of a far-off day
When my life's best friend was taken away;—
Of the weeks and months that my eyes were dim,
Watching for tidings,—watching for him.

"Many a year has come and past
Since a ship sailed over the ocean fast,

Bound for a port on England's shore,—
She sailed,—but was never heard of more."

"Mamma,"—and she closer pressed her side,—
"Was that the time when my father died?—
Is it his ship you think you see?—
Dearest mamma,—won't you speak to me?"

The lady paused, but then calmly said,
"Yes, Lucy,—the sea was his dying bed,
And now whenever I hear the blast
I think again of that storm long past.

"The winds' fierce howlings hurt not me,
But I think how they beat on the pathless sea,—
Of the breaking mast,—of the parting rope,—
Of the anxious strife and the failing hope."

"Mamma," said the child, with streaming eyes,
'My father has gone above the skies;
And you tell me this world is mean and base
Compared with heaven,—that blessed place."

"My daughter, I know,—I believe it all,—
I would not his spirit to earth recall.
The blest one he,—his storm was brief,—
Mine, a long tempest of tears and grief.

"I have you, my darling,—I should not sigh.
I have one star more in my cloudy sky,—
The hope that we both shall join him there,
In that perfect rest from weeping and care."

SUSAN WARNER.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

It was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,
And flung our armor in the ships
That rode within the bay.

We spoke not, as the shore grew less,
But gazed in silence back,
Where the long billows swept away
The foam behind our track.

And aye the purple hues decayed
Upon the fading hill,
And but one heart in all that ship
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck—
Oh, but his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle-van.

"Come hither, I pray, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee;

There is a freit lies near my soul
I needs must tell to thee.

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day:
How he bade me take his noble heart
And carry it far away;

"And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

"Last night as in my bed I lay,
I dreamed a dreary dream:
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand
In the moonlight's quivering beam.

"His robe was of the azure dye,—
Snow-white his scattered hairs,—
And even such a cross he bore
As good Saint Andrew bears.

"'Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,
'With spear and belted brand?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land?

"'The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

"'But 'tis not there that Scotland's heart
Shall rest, by God's decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea!

"'Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede!
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

"'And it shall pass beneath the cross,
And save King Robert's vow;
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou!'

"Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee,—
Nor truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me,—

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead."

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand—
"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll hold by thy command.

"But if in battle-front, Lord James,
'Tis ours once more to ride,

Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side!"

And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee,

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

"Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long,
And whose the crowd of armèd men
That round yon standard throng?"

"The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil, and waste, and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them to-day."

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
"Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turned aside
From the Cross in jeopardie!

"Have down, have down, my merry men all,—
Have down unto the plain;
We'll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain!"

"Now welcome to me, noble Lord,
Thou and thy stalwart power;
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
Who comes in such an hour!

"Is it for bond or faith you come,
Or yet for golden fee?
Or bring ye France's lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie?"

"God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
Thee and thy belted peers—
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
And these are Scottish spears.

"We do not fight for bond or plight,
Nor yet for golden fee;
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,
Who died upon the tree.

"We bring our great King Robert's heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour's grave.

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!"

The King has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne—

"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

"I know thy name full well, Lord James,
And honored may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!

"Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!"

The Douglas turned towards us then,
Oh, but his glance was high!
"There is not one of all my men
But is as frank as I.

"There is not one of all my knights
But bears as true a spear,—
Then—onwards, Scottish gentlemen,
And think, King Robert's here!"

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew
The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side, and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

But in behind our path they closed,
Though fain to let us through;
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried,—
"Make in, my brethren dear,
Sir William of St. Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!"

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain;
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in the stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him far ahead,
And never spake he more,

But,—"Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!"

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor.

"Now, praised be God, the day is won!
They fly o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight, that fought so well?"

"Oh, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,
"And leave the dead to me;
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!

"There lies above his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe, that I am living man,
Not lying there by him!

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretched before me there.

"O Bothwell banks, that bloom so bright
Beneath the sun of May!
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
Is bound for you this day.

"And, Scotland, thou may'st veil thy head
In sorrow and in pain:
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
Hath fallen this day in Spain!

"We'll bear them back unto our ship,
We'll bear them o'er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth,
Within our own countrie.

"And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood
Shall never bear the Moor!"

The King he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!"

We lifted thence the good Lord James,
And the priceless heart he bore;
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,

But all were dumb and hushed as death,
Before the mighty dead.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woful men were we that day—
God grant their souls repose!

W. E. AYTOUN.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

IN her ear he whispers gayly,
"If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter,
"There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof:
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
"I can make no marriage present:
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life."
They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand:

Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state,
All he shows her makes him dearer:
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home:
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before;
Many a gallant, gay domestic,
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,

While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine."
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin:
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove;
But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheer'd her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirit sank:
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank:
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplex'd her, night and morn,
With the burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born,
Faint she grew and ever fainter,
And she murmur'd, "O, that he

Were once more that landscape painter,
Which did win my heart from me!"
So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly from his side:
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
"Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

TU QUOQUE.

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, when persons I affected
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with *odious* Miss M'Tavish,
If I were you!

FRANK.

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
Whiff of the best—the mildest "Honey-dew,"
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the "Cynical Review":

FRANK.

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Really! You would Why, Frank, you're quite delightful,—
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue;

Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you!

FRANK.

"It is the cause." I mean your chaperon is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

Go, if you will. At once! And by express, sir!
Where shall it be? To China, or Peru?
Go. I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you!

FRANK.

No,—I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do—
Ah, you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!

NELLIE.

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted,—

FRANK.

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue,—

NELLIE.

If I confess that I a wee bit pouted?—

FRANK.

I should admit that I was *piqué*, too.

NELLIE.

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!

(*Waltz—Exeunt.*)

AUSTIN DOBSON.

EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think;
The shutters are shut,—no light may pass,
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares;
And now was quiet, now astir,—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
What! your soul was pure and true;
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals,—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love;
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth,—in the years long still,—
That body and soul so gay?
Why your hair was amber I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red,—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;

Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me,—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of the summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the night,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now naught was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life were still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Lester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,

To leave me in this lonely grove
Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 'tis same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received,
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn:
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay.
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sang the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say.
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit
And left the blossom to decay.

"Yes, now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is, sure, the cause those charms are fled.

"For know when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay;
What floweret can endure the storm?

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

"'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Lester, ah! I much am wrong,
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows,
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Lester, why, again I plead,—
The injured surely may repine,—
Why didst thou wed a country maid
When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And oh! then leave me to decay?

Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me mourn the livelong day?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate;
To smile for joy,—than sigh for woe;
To be content,—than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care,
Like the poor plant that from its stem
Divided feels the chilling air!

"Nor, cruel Earl, can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,—
'Countess, prepare, thy end is near.'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared.
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call;
And thrice the raven flapped its wings
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour,—for never more
That hapless countess ere was seen.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball,
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the countess' fall,
As, wandering onwards, they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

W. J. MICKLE.

THE WHISTLE.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood?
I wish that that Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would here take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried:
"A favor so slight one's good-nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm."
She smiled,—and she laid her fine arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine
Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss:
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—
"What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for—what you might take."

ROBERT STORY.

THE CRIMSON AND THE BLUE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WORCESTER REGATTA.

HER brother was a man of Yale,
A member of the crew;
And so she came the race to see,
Festooned with bows of blue,
When a horrid crimson Harvard boy
Stood just within her view.

They started,—and the crowd was wild;
She felt herself grow pale:
Still, as that boy yelled "Harvard" forth,
She sang out, "Yale! Yale!! Yale!!!"
And the boats shot past, and no one knew
Which would at last prevail.

"Oh, which is leading now?" she cried,
Unmindful of the showers
Which poured upon her gauzy robes,
And her little hat's blue flowers;
Then that Harvard boy turned round and said,
"I'm afraid that it is ours."

It was so very gracefully
And delicately said,
That beneath her eyes of true Yale blue,
Her cheeks flushed Harvard red;
And all of her antipathy
For that Harvard boy had fled.

That evening her big brother said,
"It still has been of use,
Our coming here, although I own
The Harvards cooked our goose;
Since I have met a Harvard friend
Whom I must introduce."

And so he did. Again the red
Rushed over her sweet face,
Again she thought that Harvard boy
Showed gentlemanly grace;
And in spite of her spoiled dress, declared
Worcester a charming place.

* * * * *

I know two lovers; but their names
To tell I do refuse;

A new engagement is announced,
But I will not say whose,
But will simply offer as a toast,
"The Crimsons and the Blues!"

F. W. LORING.

THE DAY OLD BET WAS SOLD.

I WANDERED where a curious crowd
Thronged in an open square
To see an auction held, of things
That were both odd and rare.
It was a travelling showman's stock
That made the people stare.

There were horses gray and ponies brown,
And birds of every kin,
And lions grim, and polar bears,
And serpents long and thin:
An elephant was up for sale
Amid the noisy din.

Gravely above the gaping crowd
The huge beast patient stood.
Yet gazed, methought, with anxious eye
Beyond the rabble rude,
To where an old man sat apart
In fixed and mournful mood.

"And why so sorrowful, old man?"
I said. He raised his head,
His eyes were full of the dumb grief
Of faces that are dead,
"They're selling off old Bet from me,"
In husky voice he said.

"And do you care so much?" A tear
Upon the rough cheek fell.
"Stranger, sit down beside me here,
And, if you like, I'll tell
Why that old beast is dear to me,
And why I love her well.

'Tis nigh twelve years since Bet and I
First started on the road,
And never once, in all that time,
I've touched a whip or goad;
She is the kindest, quickest thing
That ever bore a load.

Always the same old gentle girl,
Though little hay she'd get
Sometimes, when biz was very bad,
And roads were rough, and yet—
She was the gentlest of we three,
Me, Jimmie, and old Bet.

Jim was my little one, you see,
The brightest sweetest boy
That ever came from heaven on earth
To be a father's joy.

His mother died when he was born,
And Bet, awhile, was coy,

And jealous, too, until at length
She somehow seemed to find
That Jimmie had no mother left,
And so she changed her mind,
And 'dopted him herself, and proved
As any mother kind.

We brought him up by hand, us two,—
You needn't smile, 'tis true:
There's not a nurse in all the land
That could old Bet outdo;
She'd make a cradle of her trunk,
And shake his rattle, too.

And when the nights were cold and sharp,
The rain came driving in,
Beneath her big warm side he'd lay
And laugh at blankets thin.
No fear that Bet would doze away
And crush the baby in.

Ah! well, one day (the rich don't know
What poor folks have to do)
I was training Jimmie for the ring,
When, as he vaulted through
A paper hoop, he missed and fell,
All white, and senseless too.

His spine was hurt, and two long years
We nursed my crippled child.
Yet even when he suffered most
He patient was and mild;
A hundred times he dried my tears
And coaxed me till I smiled.

We never left him, Bet and I,
But steady day by day
She'd softly swing him off to sleep,
Or fan his pain away,
And every cake or nut she'd get
On Jimmie's bed she'd lay.

But that's not all,—one stormy night,
Just as we pitched the tent,
The lightning struck a tiger's cage,
And out the mad beast went.
Then suddenly there came the scream
For help, that Jimmie sent.

We heard the tiger snarl just where
The tiny bed did lie,
The keepers jerked their pistols out
And rushed toward the cry.
Quick as we were, old Bet was first:
She flung the baby high!

And as upon her great black head
He clung, all white and flat,
With lifted trunk and levelled tusks
Old Betsey faced the cat!

I gave her double hay that night,—
  Who wouldn't after that?

At last Jim died, and when in peace
  The little angel lay,
The very clowns had tears to shed,
  And one knelt down to pray.
Although our boss was rough and hard,
  We didn't show that day.

And as around the coffin small
  Gathered our solemn band,
Old Betsey took it up herself
  Ere we could stretch a hand,
And when we left the grave looked back,
  And seemed to understand.

Then only *we* were left. That seemed
  But closer still to tether
Old Bet and me, and sadly since,
  In fair or stormy weather,
Upon the road or in the ring,
  We've mourned our dead together.

They say beasts have no souls,—no heaven
  When they are dead,—*I know*
If there's a place where faithful love
  Has got the smallest show,
They'll let Bet in, or else it's not
  The place I want to go.

I haven't many years to live,
And Betsey's growing old;
They might have let us rough it through—"
Just then his face grew cold,—
For as he spake the hammer fell,
And poor old Bet was sold.

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO NIGHT."

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—
He with steps so slow and weary; she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she, with lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, moss-grown walls dark, damp, and cold,

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew; and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset;" and her lips grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced her young heart
Like a gleaming death-winged arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart),
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has tolled the twilight hour.
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right:
Now I'm old, I will not miss it. Curfew bell must ring to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow;
And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,—
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood *must die*."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright;
One low murmur, faintly spoken, "Curfew *must not* ring to-night!"

She with quick step bounded forward, sprang within
the old church-door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft
before.
Not one moment paused the maiden, but, with cheek
and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung
to and fro;
As she climbed the slimy ladder, on which fell no ray
of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew *shall not*
ring to-night!"

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs
the great, dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down
to hell.
See! the ponderous tongue is swinging; 'tis the hour
of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her
breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash
with sudden light,
As she springs, and grasps it firmly: "Curfew *shall*
not ring to-night!"

Out she swung,—far out. The city seemed a speck of
light below,—
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro.

And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
Sadly thought that twilight curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden, clinging firmly, quivering lip and fair face white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating: "*Curfew shall not ring to-night!*"

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying; and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after. As the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with golden beauty, aged sires, with heads of white,
Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills comes Cromwell. Bessie sees him; and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands, all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face, still haggard, with the anguish it had worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light.

"Go! your lover lives," cried Cromwell. "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Wide they flung the massive portals, led the prisoner forth to die,
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the darkening English sky,
Bessie came, with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with lovelight sweet;
Kneeling on the turf beside him, laid his pardon at his feet.
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face upturned and white,
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me, curfew will not ring to-night."

MRS. ROSA HARTWICK THORPE.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

ON deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting,
I envied their disporting,—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harbored;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered—
Jews black, and brown, and gray;
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did nought but scratch and pray:
Their dirty children puking,—
Their dirty saucepans cooking,—
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were,—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were,—
Enormous wide their breeks were,
Their pipes did puff alway;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,

Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave "Iberia" bowling
Before the break of day——

When A SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal

To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them;
And they called in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorror'd;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sang "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them
And splashed them and soused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;

And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins);
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,
And which all will well remember
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potztausend!
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle.
And oft we've thought thereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;

And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gayly he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried, "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY-AND-WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
  Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
  A prayer at home for me.

WM. M. THACKERAY.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

COME hither, Evan Cameron
  Come, stand beside my knee,—
I hear the river roaring down
  Towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain-side,
  There's war within the blast,—
Old faces look upon me,
  Old forms go trooping past;
I hear the pibroch wailing
  Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
  Upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan,
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsays' pride;
But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes;
O deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name,—
Be it upon the mountain's side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by armèd men,—
Face him as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down!

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart,—
The hangman rode below,—

They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen, malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig west-country lords,
In balcony and bow;
There sat the gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row.
And every open window
Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see!

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye,—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept.

But onwards,—always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant labored,
Till it reached the house of doom.
Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd:
Then as the Græme looked upwards,
He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold,—
The master-fiend Argyle!

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say,
But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale
And he turned his eyes away.
The painted harlot by his side,
She shook through every limb,
For a roar like thunder swept the street,
And hands were clenched at him;
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
"Back, coward, from thy place!
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face."

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailèd men,—

Not all the rebels in the south
Had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there!

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun,
To read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

"Now, by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
That waves above us there,—
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath,—
And oh, that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me,—
I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown!

"There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower,—
Give every town a limb,—
And God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!"

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town:
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come;
Yet aye broke in with muffled beat,
The 'larm of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Came forth to see him die.

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet!
How dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree!
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms,—
The bells begin to toll—

"He is coming! he is coming.
God's mercy on his soul!"
One last long peal of thunder,—
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.

"He is coming! he is coming!"
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die;
There was color in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through.
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away:
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done!

W. E. AYTOUN

THE PORTRAIT.

MIDNIGHT past! Not a sound of aught
Through the silent house, but the wind at his prayers.
I sat by the dying fire, and thought
Of the dear dead woman up-stairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;
And the moon looked forth, as though in pain,
With her face all white and wet:

Nobody with me, my watch to keep,
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young priest with the Raphael-face,
Who confessed her when she died.

The good young priest is of gentle nerve,
And my grief had moved him beyond control;
For his lips grew white, as I could observe,
When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone:
I thought of the pleasant days of yore:
I said, "The staff of my life is gone:
The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold, dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear,—
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.

"It is set all round with rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there, my heart hath bled:
For each pearl, my eyes have wept."

And I said, "The thing is precious to me:
They will bury her soon in the church-yard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be,
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that creaked from fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding-sheet.
There, stark she lay on her carven bed:
Seven burning tapers about her feet,
And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand, I held my breath;
I turned as I drew the curtains apart;

I dared not look on the face of death:
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought, at first, as my touch fell there,
It had warmed that heart to life, with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man, that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead,—from the other side;
And at once the sweat broke over my brow,
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the tapers' light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" . . . The man
Looked first at me, and then at the dead.
"There is a portrait here," he began;
"There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
"A month ago," said my friend to me:
"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie!"
He answered . . . "Let us see."

"Enough!" I returned, "let the dead decide:
And whose soever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried,
Where Death is arraigned by Love."

We found the portrait there, in its place:
We opened it, by the tapers' shine:
The gems were all unchanged; the face
Was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at least!
The face of the portrait there," I cried,
"Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young priest,
Who confessed her when she died."

The setting is all of rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept.
For each ruby there my heart hath bled:
For each pearl my eyes have wept.

R. Bulwer Lytton.

THIS WOULD I DO.

A LOVE-POEM.

If I were a rose,
This would I do:
I would lie on the white neck of her I love,
And let my life go out upon the fragrance
Of her breath.

If I were a star,
This would I do:
I would look deep down into her eyes,
Into the eyes I love, and learn there
How to shine.

Were I a truth, strong as the Eternal One,
This would I do:
I would live in her heart, in the heart
I know so well,
And be at home.

If I were a sin,
This would I do:
I would fly far away,—
And though her soft hand in pity were
Stretched out,—I would *not* stay,
But fly!
And leave her pure!

CONSTANCE FAUNT LEROY RUNCIE

BAY BILLY.

YOU may talk of horses of renown,
What Goldsmith Maid has done,
How Dexter cut the seconds down,
And Fellowcraft's great run.
Would you hear about a horse that once
A mighty battle won?

'Twas the last fight at Fredericksburg,—
Perhaps the day you reck.

Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,
Kept Early's men in check.
Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,
And held it with a will.
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill.
And five times beaten back, reformed,
And kept our column still.

At last from out the centre fight
Spurred up a general's aid,
"That battery *must* silenced be!'
He cried, as past he sped.
Our colonel simply touched his cap,
And then, with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir,
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero gray and grim.
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,
When, 'midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bay'nets fell.
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept.
And when the bugle said,
"Up, charge again!" no man was there
But hung his dogged head.
"We've no one left to lead us now,"
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then before the laggard line
The colonel's horse we spied,
Bay Billy with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh that seemed to say
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues rooted there we stood
And gazed a little space,
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face,

But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done,
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run.
Up! up! the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb.
It seemed as if a spectre steed
To win that day had come.

And then the dusk and dew of night
Fell softly o'er the plain,
As though o'er man's dread work of death
The angels wept again,
And drew night's curtain gently round
A thousand beds of pain.

All night the surgeons' torches went
The ghastly rows between—
All night with solemn step I paced
The torn and bloody green.
But who that fought in the big war
Such dread sights have not seen?

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies,
As if to e'en the sleepers there
It bade wake, and arise!
Though nought but that last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,
Stretched out the long brigade;
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men
Were in their place that morn,
And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-noon
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn sergeant tries,—
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in falt'ring tone and slow
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread,

It caught the sergeant's eye, and, quick,
Bay Billy's name he read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,
Down all the front from end to end
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer.
And ever from that famous day,
When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
The whole line answered, "Here!"

FRANK H GASSAWAY.

ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;

But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,

And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so all the night-time, I lie down by the side
Of my darling,—my darling,—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR A. POE.

NOURMAHAL.

THERE'S a beauty, forever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till love falls asleep in the sameness of splendor,
This *was* not the beauty,—oh! nothing like this,
That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss;
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven in his dreams!
When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face;
And when angry —for e'en in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes,—
The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.

If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings!
Then her mirth,—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in spring;—
Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.
While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave
Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her slave;
And though bright was his haram,—a living parterre
Of the flowers of this planet,—though treasures were there,
For which Soliman's self might have given all the store
That the navy from Ophir e'er wing'd to his shore,
Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
And the Light of his Haram was young Nourmahal!

So felt the magnificent Son of Acbar,
When from power and pomp and the trophies of war
He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
With the Light of the Haram, his young Nourmahal.
When free and uncrown'd as the conqueror roved
By the banks of that Lake, with his only beloved,

He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world!

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there *be* an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

THOMAS MOORE.

TWO SINNERS.

THERE was a man, it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the brain keep calm and the heart keep quiet
When the blood like a river is running riot?
And boys will be boys, the old folks say,
And a man is the better who's had his day.

The man reformed, and the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold,
And Christian people threw open the door
With a warmer welcome than ever before.
Wealth and honor were his to command,
And a spotless woman gave him her hand.

The world strewed their pathway with flowers a-bloom,
Crying, "God bless lady and God bless groom."

There was a maiden who went astray
In the early dawn of her youthful day.
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she followed blindly where fond love led;
And love is ever a dangerous guide
To wander unchecked at a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no doors opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy—in heaven.
For this is the way of the world, we know,
That the woman is stoned while the man may go.

A brave man wedded her after all,
But the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"AFTER SORROW'S NIGHT."

AFTER sorrow's night
Dawned the morning bright.
In dewy woods I heard
A golden-throated bird,
And "Love, love, love," it sang.
And "Love, love, love."

Evening shadows fell
In our happy dell.
From glimmering woods I heard
A golden-throated bird,
And "Love, love, love," it sang,
And "Love, love, love."

Oh, the summer night
Starry was and bright.
In the dark woods I heard
A golden-throated bird,
And "Love, love, love," it sang,
And "Love, love, love."

R. W. GILDER.

FINLAND LOVE-SONG.

I saw the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow;
Nor told my fleet reindeer
The path I wished to go.
Yet quick he bounded forth,
For well my reindeer knew
There's but one path on earth,—
The path that leads to you.

The gloom that Winter casts
How soon the heart forgets,
When Summer brings at last
Her sun that never sets.

So dawned my love for you,
So fixed in joy and pain,
Than summer sun more true,
'Twill never set again.

Translated by THOMAS MOORE.

MY JOHN.

WE loved the birds and babbling brooks,
John and I, my John.
In meadows and in shady nooks,
O'er lake and farm with wondering looks,
We saw what ne'er was told in books,
John and I, my John.

We found a maid with golden hair,
Ah, John! my happy John!
The wonders of the earth and air
Were but reflections made more rare
In her blue eyes and face so fair,
For John, my happy John.

Lo, birds and books and brooks have fled,
For John, alas! poor John.
The night winds come and smite her dead.
Alone in Nature's realm I tread:
He followed where her footsteps led,
My John, alas! my John.

WILLIAM HOSEA BALLOU.

ANONYMOUS.

A SOUTHERN SCENE.

"O MAMMY, have you heard the news?"
Thus spake a Southern child,
As in the nurse's aged face
She upward glanced and smiled.

"What news you mean, my little one?
It must be mighty fine,
To make my darlin's face so red,
Her sunny blue eyes shine."

"Why, Abr'am Lincoln, don't you know,
The Yankee President,
Whose ugly picture once we saw,
When up to town we went?

"Well, he is goin' to free you all,
And make you rich and grand,
And you'll be dressed in silk and gold,
Like the proudest in the land.

"A gilded coach shall carry you
Where'er you wish to ride;

And, mammy, all your work shall be
Forever laid aside."

The eager speaker paused for breath,
And then the old nurse said,
While closer to her swarthy cheek
She pressed the golden head:

"My little missus, stop and res'—
You's talkin' mighty fas';
Jes' look up dere, and tell me what
You see in yonder glass?

"You sees old mammy's wrinkly face,
As black as any coal;
And underneath her handkerchief
Whole heaps of knotty wool.

"My darlin's face is red and white,
Her skin is soff and fine,
And on her pretty little head
De yallar ringlets shine.

"My chile, who made dis difference
'Twixt mammy and 'twixt you?
You reads de dear Lord's blessed book,
And you can tell me true.

"De dear Lord said it must be so;
And, honey, I, for one,
Wid tankful heart will always say,
His holy will be done.

"I tanks Mas' Linkum all de same,
But when I wants for free
I'll ask de Lord of glory,
Not poor buckra man like he.

"And as for gilded carriages,
Dey's notin' 'tall to see;
My massa's coach, what carries him,
Is good enough for me.

"And, honey, when your mammy wants
To change her homespun dress,
She'll pray, like dear old missus,
To be clothed with righteousness.

"My work's been done dis many a day,
And now I takes my ease,
A-waitin' for de Master's call,
Jes' when de Master please.

"And when at las' de time's done come,
And poor old mammy dies,
Your own dear mother's soff white hand
Shall close these tired old eyes.

"De dear Lord Jesus soon will call
Old mammy home to him,
And he can wash my guilty soul
From ebery spot of sin.

And at his feet I shall lie down,
Who died and rose for me;

And den, and not till den, my chile,
Your mammy will be free.

"Come, little missus, say your prayers;
Let old Mas' Linkum 'lone;
The debil knows who b'longs to him,
And he'll take care of his own."

MY FAITH.

I TRUST in God; whatever ills
Around my pathway fall,
Whatever clouds obscure my sun,
God sends and guides them all.

I am not wise to frame a creed,
Or talk of things divine;
I know not where, 'twixt good and ill,
To draw a boundary line.

I cannot tell what saints shall fill
His glorious courts above:
I only know this one blest truth,—
That God is boundless love.

And, knowing this, I cannot fix
The limit of His grace,
Or tell what souls have strayed beyond
The light of His dear face.

So in my faith I rest content,
Where'er my lot may fall:
I cannot wander far from Him
Whose care is over all.

KNIGHTING THE LOIN OF BEEF

THE Second Charles of England
Rode forth one Christmas-tide
To hunt a gallant stag of ten,
Of Chingford woods the pride.
The wind blew keen, the snow fell fast,
And made for earth a pall,
As tired steeds and wearied men
Returned to Friday Hall.

The blazing logs, cast on the dogs,
Were pleasant to behold,
And grateful was the teeming feast
To hungry men and cold.
With right good will all took their fill,
And soon each found relief,
Whilst Charles his royal trencher piled
From one huge loin of beef.

Quoth Charles, "Od's fish! a noble dish!
Ay, noble made by me;
By kingly right I dub thee knight,
Sir Loin henceforward be!"

And never was a royal jest
  Received with such acclaim,
And never knight than good Sir Loin
  More worthy of the name.

LEAGUED WITH DEATH.

Down where the long, dark, wooden bridge
Spans the river from vale to ridge,
Just where you enter the meadow side,
The gypsy weeds throng down to the tide,
Gold and purple, and blue unfurled,
Picturesque clans of the leafy world;
One glad morning the fishermen came,
Bearing their tackle and coils of seine.
Slowly they slipped to the water's edge,
Picking their steps through the long, keen sedge,
Over the hot, dry sands and shells,
Halting at last where the old ford swells,
Setting their drag-net carefully;
And the men sang gayly an old refrain,
"There's peace in the air, and peace on the main
In time with their steps.
  But suddenly one,
Who tarried to hide from a scorching sun
The noonday fare, at the land-hugged pier,
Called out in a voice that was wildly clear,
As one cries out when a knife is sent
To the quick, when he fears no ill portent.

"Come, friends, for the dear Lord's sake!" he said
They dropped their seine in the river-bed,
And, heedless alike of the wounding sedge,
And bristling drift of the water's edge,
And brambles a-thrusting their prickly mail,
Ran swift to their comrade, aghast and pale,
Down-turning his wide and questioning eyes,
Wild with the pain of his great surprise.

What wonder they stand with mute lips apart!
O, mystery clasped in the floating heart!
O, lily abloom in a foreign place!
O, saintly pale of a maiden's face!
Of a maiden, dimpled, and chaste, and young,
Who many and many a time had sung
Her melodies, simple and merry and wild,
Clasped close to their bosoms a glad-eyed child,
Who grew in their midst from hour to hour,
A stately, odorous, creamy flower:
Whom men would praise, and women pray
Their daughters might be like her one day;
Like her, alas! and lo, she is there,
The water-weed threading her long, soft hair,
And binding her lithe white limbs and feet,
And milk-white breasts, like a winding-sheet,
O, that ever a day like this should rise,
That she like a waif whom the world denies,
With mute, cold lips, and eyes should lay
In the pitiless glare of a tropic day!

Of all winged tidings, the swiftest known
Is an ill news over the wide world blown;

And, lo a multitude throngs the place,
Scanning each line of the poor dead face,
Forming in clusters of two and three,
Pulling each thread of the mystery;
Foolish and vain, for of all, not one
Could whisper an evil the girl had done.
Ah! He who fashions the heart, alone
Can fathom the sorrow that slays its own!

Where the low bridge stretches its kindly shade,
Their beautiful burden they silently laid;
In a locket that lay like a star on her breast,
They found these words, "*To mother*," addressed:
"*Because* I have found that love is a lie,
And found it harder to live than to die,
I have leagued with death to bear me away.
Lord, make no account of the deed, I pray!"

A long, wild wail rent the air in twain,
Eye looked unto eye with a tremor of pain;
It seemed that all tongues had grown palsied and weak,
Not one had a word of comfort to speak;
It seemed that all limbs had forgotten to stir,
Not one gave an arm of pity to her.
O, sorrow, the saddest seen under the sun,
Of that husbandless, childless, friendless one,
Crashing over the intellect, crazing like
Fine chords that riot when rude hands strike.
O, the pitiful cry of a spirit in pain,
The cry of a wild thing whose young has been slain;
A tempest of untaught and passionate grief,
The moan of a sorrow too mute for relief.

O, the blinding, shattering, pitiless strife.
The answerless woe of a broken life.

"Dead, dead! with the sunshine all washed from her face,
The love from her lips, and the light from her eyes;
Her garments are tattered! they often have been,
When she ran through the thickets and over the drift;
They are wet with the storm. O, my darling, come in,
The destroyer is swift.

"Dead, dead! Once, O daughter, you lay on my heart,
So frail that a breath might have wafted you hence;
But I cried, Save, dear God, with all else do I part,
As a meet recompense.

"O, daughter, my daughter, speak one little word;
You are breaking my heart; you are blinding my eyes;
Let me feel your lips touch me, your arms clasping tight;
It is dark, O, my soul, it is darkness, and all
My sweet day turned to night.

"Dead, dead." And the wan face was heavenward turned,
And the eyes with a longing unspeakable burned,
And she raised the dead hands to her lips as she smiled,
"'Tis thy father, come, meet him, come with us, my child!"

The bowed form was very erect now, and tall,
As she half drew the girl from her wet dripping pall;

She stood weeping,—they could not do more,—
A shudder, a flutter, her grief it was o'er,
A tremor of pain, a gasping for breath,
And the three thrust from earth were united in death.

CHEVY-CHASE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way:
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take—

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.

The English earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt
When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their rear, with special care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay;"
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed."
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,
"And take your bows with speed;

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas, on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be
That hunt so boldly here,

That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make
Was noble Percy, he,—
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be:

"Yet will we spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art,—
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let you and me the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
You two be earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone;

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,—
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,
As cheftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;

And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,—
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see
How each one chose his spear
And how the blood out of their breasts
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet;
Like captains of great might,
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said,
"In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," saith Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart:
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

"In truth, my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake:
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear full bright,

Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without a dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear;

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head haled he.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The gray goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun:
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe
That ever he slain should be,
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,—
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;

The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain:

"Oh heavy news," King James did say:
"Scotland can witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase:

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Since 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he:

"Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
But I will vengeance take:
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed
After at Humbledown;
In one day fifty knights were slain
With lords of high renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

BILL MASON'S RIDE.

HALF an hour till train time, sir,
An' a fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch-lights, Tom,
Fetch in a stick when you're through.
"On time?" Well, yes, I guess so,—
Left the last station all right,—
She'll come round the curve a-flyin';
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No! He's engineer,
Been on the road all his life—
I'll never forget the mornin'
He married his chuck of a wife.
'Twas the summer the mill-hands struck,—
Just off work, every one;
They kicked up a row in the village,
And killed old Donevan's son.

But hadn't been married mor'n an hour,
Up comes a message from Kress,
Orderin' Bill to go up there,
And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry,
And went up on Number One,
Thinking of nothing but Mary,
And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat down by the window
To wait for the night express;
And, sir, if she hadn't 'a-done so,
She'd been a widow, I guess.
For it must a' been nigh midnight
When the mill-hands left the Ridge—
They come down,—the drunken devils!
Tore up a rail from the bridge.
But Mary heard 'em a-workin'
And guessed there was somethin' wrong—
And in less than fifteen minutes
Bill's train it would be along!

She couldn't come here to tell *us*.
A mile—it wouldn't a' done—
So she jest grabbed up a lantern,
And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir
And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
A-swingin' it all the time.

Well! by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin'
On the track, in her weddin' dress;
Cryin' and laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light—
Hello! here's the train—good-by, sir,
Bill Mason's on time to-night.

A HINDOO DIED.

A HINDOO died,—a happy thing to do
When twenty years united to a shrew.
Released, he joyfully for entrance cries
Before the gate of Brahma's Paradise.
"Hast been thro' Purgatory?" Brahma said.
"I have been married,"—and he hung his head.
"Married! come in and welcome too, my son:
Marriage and Purgatory are as one."
Oh, joy supreme, he entered Heaven's door,
And knew the peace he ne'er had known before

Scarce had he entered in the garden fair,
Another Hindoo asked admittance there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again,
"Hast been thro' Purgatory?" "No!—What then.'
"Thou canst not enter," did the god reply.
"He who went in was there no more than I."
'All that is true, but he hath married been,
And so on earth hath suffered for all sin."
"Married! 'tis well, for I've been married twice.'
"Begone! I'll have no fools in Paradise."

SHADOWS.

We stood where the snake-like ivy
Climbed over the meadow bars,
And watched as the young night sprinkled
The sky with her cream-white stars.
The clover was red beneath us,—
The air had the smell of June,—
The cricket chirped in the grasses,
And the soft rays of the moon

Drew our shadows on the meadow,
Distorted and lank and tall;
His shadow was kissing my shadow,—
That was the best of all.
My heart leaped up as he whispered,
"I love you, Margery Lee,"
For then one arm of his shadow
Went round the shadow of me.

"I love you, Margery, darling,
Because you are young and fair,—
For your eyes' bewildering blueness,
And the gold of your curling hair.
No queen has hands that are whiter,
No lark has a voice so sweet,
And your ripe young lips are redder
Than the clover at your feet.

"My heart will break with its fulness,
Like a cloud overcharged with rain;
Oh, tell me, Margery, darling,
How long we must love in vain?"
With blushes and smiles I answered,
(I will not tell what)—just then
I saw that his saucy shadow
Was kissing my own again.

He promised to love me only,—
I promised to love but him,
Till the moon fell out of the heavens,
And the stars with age grew dim.
Oh, the strength of man's devotion!
Oh, the vows a woman speaks!
'Tis years since that blush of rapture
Broke redly over my cheeks.

He found a gold that was brighter
Than that of my floating curls,
And married a cross-eyed widow,
With a dozen grown-up girls.
And I,—did I pine and languish?
Did I weep my blue eyes sore?

Or break my heart, do you fancy,
For love that was mine no more?

I stand to-night in the meadows,
Where Harry and I stood then,
And the moon has drawn two shadows
Out over the grass again;
And a low voice keeps repeating—
So close to my startled ear
That the shadows melt together—
"I love you, Margery, dear.

"'Tis not for your cheeks' rich crimson,
And not for your eyes' soft blue,
But because your heart is tender
And noble and pure and true."
The voice is dearer than Harry's,
And so I am glad, you see,
He married the cross-eyed widow.
Instead of Margery Lee.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I WAS sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed.

"But I'se tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do.
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I wite a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty, now."
"No, no, mamma; me wite letter;
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news."
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee.

"Mamma's witing lots of letters;
I'se a letter, Mary,—see!"

No one heard the little prattler
As once more he climbed the stair
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door.
"I'se a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for any more?

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa,
Papa lives with God, 'ou know,
Mamma sent me for a letter,
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anozzer office,
'Cause I must do if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening,—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure,—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late,—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold.
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended,—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

WAITER GIRL

It is the pretty waiter girl—
She's one among a score;
And 'tis not that I love them less,
But, oh! I love her more!
Down to the festive board I sit;
She stands behind my chair;
I catch the slight, suggestive cough
That tells me she is there.

My pretty, pretty waiter girl!
She hath a pleasant voice;
Of chops and steaks, of fish and fowl
She biddeth me make choice.
I ponder on my little joke
While fingering the menu,
Then, "If I were to order duck
I might, perhaps, get you."

The eyes are on the table-cloth,
Their glance it is severe;
"Or, should I call for venison,
'Twere you again, my dear."
She wears the lofty look of one
Who searcheth the top shelf:
"Pray, do not ask for goose," says she,
"For you might get—yourself."

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